Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, MORALITY, SCIENCE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

Vol. XIV. PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 10, 1835. Whole No. 702.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,
By Samuel Coate Atkinson,
No. 36 CARTER'S ALLEY,
Third door below Third street, near the Girard Bank

TERMS—$2 50, if paid during the year.
$2 00, if paid in advance.
$3 00, if not paid during the year.
$1 25, for six months.

Papers discontinued only at the option of the publisher while arrearages are due.

*** Small notes of Solvent Banks, received at par value for subscriptions, &c. by mail.

☞ Postage Letters not taken from the Post-Office.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

TO E. W. B., ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

A few bright summer years have flown,
Since first at thine eyes to behold the day;
A few bright summer years have strown
Their sweetest incense o'er thy way.
Lovers to thee a vernal name,
Where flowers bedeck the fragrant ground,
And whispering zephyrs lightly blow,
Tell of the joys that lovelier abound.

And all beyond seems fair and bright,
As fancy gilds the distant scene—
Reposing in the mellow light,
Where shadows ills e'er intervene,
And who should I those shadows trace?
Or tell of gathering ills to come,
Thus lightly might thy smiles efface,
And drive them from their chen-ished home?

Nor Nature smiled upon thy birth,
And fondly watched around thy bed;
And call'd the fairest gifts of earth,
To scatter o'er thine infant head.
For who can gaze upon that brow,
So soft and smooth, so pure and fair,
Or watch thy bright eyes' kindling glow,
And doubt that genius sparkles there?

I've seen thee 'midst the stir'ring throng,
Where beauty shed its dazzling light,
Moving as if thou did belong
To some pure planet all more bright.
Tho not that wealth around thee thrown
The circle of its halo bright;
There's like the sparkling gem that glows
Rich in its own unborrowed light.

Had'st thou been born a cottage maid,
Far from the haunts of busy men,
Tending thy flocks beneath the shade
Of some sequestered, lonely glen—
Even there, the stranger, as he pass'd,
Had felt the involuntary charm;
And turning oft, had backward cast
A lingering look upon thy form.

O, fate! we trace thy withering course,
Where beauty's fairest flowers lie;
The tottering form, the gloomy hearse,
Compose thy mournful pageantry.
The gay, the beautiful, the fair,
Are alike thy withering blight,
But oh! the beauteous rose-bud spare,
Just blooming into light and life.

BANCROFT'S BORDER TALES.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

LETBURN PARKMAN:

OR THE MANIAC.

Green wave the oak, for ever o'er thy rest!
Thou that beneath its crowning foliage sleepest;
And, in the stillness of thy country's breast,
Thy place of memory, as all else keepest.
The Grave of Kosciusko—MRS. HEMANS.

PENNSYLVANIA and Virginia, like other members of our confederacy, are watered by fine streams, with uncouth names, which unborn antiquaries will be turned stark mad in seeking their etymology. One of the most beautiful of these creeks, rich in scenery and soil, and about equally divided between Washington county, Pa. and Brooke, of Virginia; was in times of early settlement by whites, dubbed "Buffalow Creek." In one instance, at least, I believe I can relieve future antiquarians from a world of trouble, by stating that this picturesque stream falls into the Ohio river, twelve miles by the meanders of the latter, above the now fine city of Wheeling; and that it meandered amid thick woods, through which Buffaloes once roved, and from whence, in all human probability, the name of "Buffaloe Creek." The pioneers of our country must have been determined that nowe'er their after comers should ever be pastoral poets, as names were bestowed on places which would defy all fancy and combination, ever to weave into the poetic line.

Buffalo creek, however, with its chilling prosaic name, water sites of the very beautiful in nature—soft, and yet grand, noble and swelling. Many of the farm houses, whose inmates have never made the discovery, stand amid scenery, with landscapes which seem to float as moving pictures, and which a Thompson, a Kleist, or a Delisle, might go far to visit and be rewarded. The first settlers had, it must be confessed, something to them far more serious to seek than splendid prospects, and many of them sat down where, as the forest fell, the laughsend view opened, merely because they sat down where no fine farms could be opened without one or more being the centre of an enchanting landscape.

All who made their home in the woods of Buffalow, between fifty and sixty years past, were not mere hunters, or tillers of the soil, rough, rude and yet honest, hospitable and kind. Two there were of higher grade; two men upon whose fertile minds the seeds of lore had fallen, taken root and flourished. In learning alone, these two men were alike; in all else they were as contrasted as two educated men could be contrasted. Richard Ryland, had a heart as warm as ever beat in the breast of any one of his countrymen; but early disappointment gave a bitter, sad, irascible, and sometimes a fierce tone to his powerful mind. There are men, of whom Richard Ryland was one, who seemed doomed to encounter through life one misfortune after another, the wounds of the last still tender, whilst another is inflicted. If such minds are not softened, they become obdurate, severe, and inflexible. Their grasp of vision reaches wide over the great field of life, past and present, and they, in the feeling of individual injustice, regard MAN, collectively, as an enemy. Such men are irritated, not chastened by the ills they encounter.

Not so was Temple Parkman, though too much had he suffered also. In the history of these two men there was a remarkable coincidence. Both had been educated for the sacred office. Richard Ryland, born in Ireland but educated in France, was intended by his parents to become a Roman Catholic Priest. Temple Parkman, a native of Pennsylvania, was educated for the pulpit, in all the most stern rigidity of Calvinism, which could be in fluential on such a mind during a residence of many years in a Scotch University. Though so very differently constituted by nature, it was difficult to determine which of these two men would have submitted with most firmness to martyrdom for their respective creeds. Yet strange, they were near neighbours, argued their tenets often, and lived and died friends, proof against feats, which few could have borne, both had families, and many sons and daughters.

Amongst the females of the West, few could vie with, and none excel Lucy Ryland. Inheriting the disposition from her mother, and talents from her father, Lucy Ryland was at once mild as the dove, with the keen inflexibility of purpose of the eagle. With that something of solemn air of painful apprehension, which marked the female countenance of the place and time, Lucy Ryland, in the hour of real danger, rose to the dignity of heroism. There was not, in either face or form, any thing about this young woman which could be regarded as beautiful, yet to old and young, she was attraction, and to one most dearly attractive, that one was Letburn Parkman.

To see the light, the almost airy form of Temple Parkman approach the Meeting House of Dr.———, with his son Letburn by his side, none, not informed of the fact, would ever suppose them father and son; yet, in natural mind, the parent and child had great resemblance. Letburn, in a most muscular and gigantic form, contained a heart glowing with the very warmth of sensibility. Nurtured in chase and war, Letburn was truly the Hunter-warrior, but unlike many others, Letburn Parkman hunted for pleasure and necessity, but made war only when unavoidable. In the chase of love he was successful, for Lucy Ryland was his, in the true extent of woman's devotion; but she was not his without a rival, and a rival to be dreaded. It was well observed, that those of the frontier white men, whose natural temper was gloomy or even pensive, that the constant residence in woods, frequent danger, and watchfulness, rendered them silent, sad, and often very morose, easily irritated, and when offended, savagely revengful. Such was Eli Bringham.

Finely formed, and fleet as the Indian was Eli Bringham, and watchful as brave, he was on every campaign and scout. When a smile rose awful on his very strong features, like sunshine in winter, it made the feeling of cold more cold. Stern and silent, he passed amongst the youth of his neighbourhood as an uncongenial spirit. Yet in the day of danger, his value was felt, and very few frontier men were more efficient. Unlike Letburn Parkman, war was the chosen element of Bringham.

Lively, cheerful, and even playful was Parkman in the ordinary intercourse of life. Stern, unbending, and sullen, Bringham seemed made to contrast with the chosen of Lucy Ryland. But if the chosen of Lucy, Letburn was the aversion of her father.

In those early times, and primitive settlements, few read, but some did, and amongst the rest Lucy Ryland. It was on a fine summer day of 1781; it had rained and cleared, the air was bland—it was Sunday, and Lucy stealthily slipped out with a forbidden volume, it was Hervey's Meditations, and seating herself under an oak tree in her father's meadow was soon absorbed in the seductive thoughts of the author. The tree was surrounded with a copse of underwood, and a fence extended within a few feet behind where she sat, and sat not long uninterrupted. Some expression met her eye, having allusion to such scenery as spread around her; and she raised her head involuntarily——

"Very religious, Lucy," said Eli Bringham, as his gaze met her rather offended look of surprise. He was standing on the opposite side of the fence, with his rifle in his right hand, and had been some time regarding her unperceived. To his jearing expression she made no reply, and he proceeded, in a voice intended for solemn, but it fell upon the heart, stern.

"Lucy, I have long wished to speak with you alone—" and he paused, as she remained silent, but attentive, and he continued, and repeated the same words. The young woman had recovered from a first surprise, and feeling of contempt for the intrusion replied:—

"Except Heaven, and this book, I was alone."

"It is needless, Lucy," he interrupted, "I see my answer."

"And I see," replied Lucy, firmly, "how you have received your answer.—You have long before received it; and why—"

"Do I follow your footsteps?" he interrupted—"It is well, Lucy Ryland, but remember," and with a scowl under which the heart of Lucy felt as if pierced by an icicle, he grasped his rifle, and deliberately walked to her father's house. He was the chosen of her father, and was received with a smile.

"What, Eli, ready for the campaign?" said the old man, as he entered.

"Quite ready," replied Bringham, as he sat down, and conversed, or rather listened, in his usual manner. His apparition had banished from Lucy all power to follow her author—other meditations obtruded. She had one confident, her eldest brother. Very carefully folding up her book in a handkerchief, and depositing it in the hollow of the tree under which she sat, she with great apparent carelessness, returned to the house by a back way through the garden, picking flowers as she went. Seeing her favourite brother approaching the spring before the door, she called to him to bring her a cup of water, which he did, and he saw in a moment that something very serious was on her mind, exclaimed, as he handed her the cup—

"Why Lucy!"

"Go into the house, brother, and I'll be there in a moment.—You must propose me to walk with you over to Capt. Clements."

All this was arranged, and the brother and sister left the house together.

They had scarcely passed the gate far enough to speak unheard, when the anxious brother again exclaimed, "Why Lucy! what has happened?"

"Enough has happened," replied Lucy, as soon as her excited feelings would permit her to speak, and she related the brief meeting, and as she closed, her brother, half laughing replied:

"And is this all?—I thought you would have danced with joy."

"My brother and friend," interrupted Lucy, "you did not see his parting look, or you would not talk so."

"The dark villain!" rejoined the brother, "What meaning did you put on his looks?"

"Meaning, I dread to name," replied Lucy—"Murder!" and as she pronounced the word, an electric cloud which had been gathering, burst into splinters, not one hundred yards before them, an oak tree, throwing the fragments in every direction. It was one of those terrific clouds without rain, which, however, presages a tempest. Both involuntarily stopped, and gazed on each other with feelings no pen ever described.

"Not my sister?" at length ejaculated Thomas Ryland."

"No! not your sister," replied Lucy.

"But Letburn Parkman," interrupted the brother.

"Oh! my brother, this must not be," earnestly rejoined Lucy, "I must this day see Letburn."

"Our father!" exclaimed Thomas Ryland."

"What will he say, or do?" subjoined Lucy—and both were some time silent, as hurried forward by the coming storm, but in the bosom of the sister, the tempest was not less threatning, and as she approached their place of destination, she seized his arm, and fixing her looks on his face, pronounced "Letburn."

"In the name of God, my Lucy, let it be as you wish: that look I cannot refuse—may Heaven guard you," and he folded her to his noble and manly bosom, *and they entered the house of their friends as the rain commenced to fall in torrents.*

In the evening the storm for a few moments abated, and it was in this momentary pause of the elements, that Thomas Ryland, Letburn Parkman, and the Rev. Mr.———, entered the dwelling of Captain Clements. Fortunately the excessive rain had so swelled the intermediate and large creek so much as to prevent any expectation of his childrens' return, therefore, no surprise was felt at their stay all night at the house of a neighbour.

"Have you both—have you all three reflected on this step?" said the Clergyman, turning his inquiring visage from the lovers to the brother, who was the first to reply:—

"To me, it seems a case denying reflection."

"There may be such cases," replied the Clergyman, thoughtfully, and as he leaned his head clasped in his hands for several minutes, a painful silence prevailed around him, except the war of elements, which again raged—one glare following another, while peal on peal seemed to speak destruction. "There is no doubt often a voice above reason—stand up," and the Minister of God rose, as did his now agitated companions. After a short, but fervent prayer, the awful questions were asked and replied to, and Lucy and Letburn were united in the most sacred of all compacts.

The next morning was one of those delicious, those freezing mornings which follow such a night. The Buffaloe had lost its rage, and the brother and sister returned to their home: to Lucy it felt as a home no longer—in a few days she knew that from it she must fly, pursued by the wrath, perhaps the curses, of an infuriated father; and alas! an adored brother involved in the malediction.

It was a morning of fearful import to many beside: it was the morning appointed for the militia to meet, in order to prepare for an intended campaign into the Indian country; the drafts were to be made, unless sufficient volunteers would offer. An invasion of the country was apprehended, by an army composed of Indians, tories, renegade whites, and British regulars. The new settlement in Kentucky had been invaded by such an army under a British officer, Col. Byrd. Ruddle's and Martin's Stations were taken, and the capitulations of neither respected. The prisoners at Ruddle's were massacred on the spot, and those from Martin's subsequently.

Comprising, in great part, the same material, a second army of three hundred men was formed, which was to be divided into two detachments; one to cross the Ohio River, below, and to surprise Wheeling Fort; the other, to cross Ohio below Beaver. Both were to advance as rapid as possible into the heart of the country, and form a junction at Catfish, now the fine borough of Washington.

Preparations for this second inroad could not be made without exciting alarm in the scattered and exposed settlements, between the Monongahela and Ohio rivers. As usual, however, the measures necessary to meet the danger, were naturally conflicting, from the ignorance of both the time and place of attack. One week the militia was all on the alert, the next all was relaxation, and most of the time spent between farm labour and military preparation; of course, neither to sufficient effect.

Such was the state of things in the West, on the morn which followed the espousals of Letburn Parkman and Lucy Ryland. The militia was to assemble at Catfish, and on their way to the meeting, the dreadful news came from various quarters, that the savages, and their little less savage allies, had actually crossed the Ohio at two distant points; one below Wheeling, and the other above; and between where the towns of Steubenville and Beaver now stand. All who knew the characters of Letburn Parkman and Eli Bringham, at once knew that both would volunteer in such a case; as in the day of danger, they were alike in "the one thing needful;" but how different was now their private situation. One, an exasperated, rejected suitor—the other, a beloved and confiding husband. One, desperate, and more than ever ready for any scene of distraction—the other leaving the bright pillar of Hope behind. Different as might be their reflections on the present, or anticipations of the future, danger and honour bore them alike towards the scenes of danger; all was alarm around them. To the storm of war was added, at Ryland's, another not less appaling.

Richard Ryland, never very placid, was roused to frenzy, by receiving, from a very unexpected source, some hint, amounting to something like certainty, of his daughter's marriage; and with the last man in all "The Backwoods" which he would have chosen.

There was in the country a man of the name of Samuel Lathaw, one of those unaccountable beings, one-third crazy, and two-thirds knave; a fellow too lazy to work, and too cunning to steal. A complete wanderer, who lived on his title, as many another knave has done. "*Mad Sam*," went where he pleased, and said what he pleased to every one he met. No wind or weather seemed to stay the progress of this really curious being, and many persons who did not possess a tithe of his sagacity, though considered sane, really believed that "Mad Sam," could spin through the air, and be at any place, at any time he wished. One thing was very certain, he was almost invariably found present where he was least desired; and possessing an astonishing knowledge of individual character, often spoke what those he addressed could never desire to hear, or could ever forget.

On the memorable morning, old Ryland felt the temper of the time upon his nerves. His eldest son had shouldered his rifle to proceed to Catfish, and his favourite daughter, Lucy, seemed little short of distracted. The latter circumstance excited but little surprise, being ascribed, as it was in part, occasioned by apprehensions for her brother. The old man had stepped into a field near the house, to give some directions to a younger son, who was ploughing, and his son Thomas in the yard, preparing his weapon, and his sister speaking to him in an earnest, but suppressed tone, when who should they see crossing the field, towards their father and brother, but Mad Sam. The apparition struck an arrow to the heart of both, as the apparition of this man was scarce ever for good. They had some reason to find their fears not vain: Mad Sam always spoke as if he wished the whole world to hear him, and particularly those who least wished to hear his boding voice.

"Eh! Eh! Dick Ryland! what? what?" he shouted, when fifty yards from the man he addressed, but advancing with right hand uplifted, and with hasty steps.

"Sam, go to the house and get your breakfast," observed Ryland, gruffly.

"Breakfast, breakfast," said Sam, "want none."

"Then go about your business."

"Business, business," interrupted Sam, "Dick Ryland, a word in your ear," and he very unceremoniously stepped up to the old man, who stood still, in hopes by compliance to get rid of him the sooner; but in a moment after, Sam had placed his mouth to Ryland's ear, they both started back two or three steps; Sam, with a loud, boisterous and malicious laugh, and Ryland in a paroxysm of ungovernable rage.—

"You are a liar, Sam; it is not so—it cannot be so;" but Sam laughed the louder, and snapping his fingers at the infuriated old man, strided away, tauntingly turning his head, and bawling—

"Don't be angry—don't be angry at spilled milk, old fellow," was soon out of sight.

Old Ryland looked alternately after the mischievous madman, at the terrified boy beside him, and his stupified son and daughter in the yard before the house. All were thus standing, the old man with smothered passion, ready every moment to explode and wreak vengeance on his offending children, the children awaiting in terror; but at that moment the resentment of Ryland found another object—Captain Clements, who rode up on the spur, crying out Thomas Ryland. "The Fort, the Fort, Thomas.—The savages are over the Ohio."

"Let them come! Let them come! with fire, with tomahawk—with the knife," vociferated old Ryland, advancing, his hands clenched:—"Villain," he continued, fixing his eyes of fury on Clement.

"Reserve your epithets," replied Clement, coolly, "and save your family."

"Save my family," burst from Ryland—but the terrified cries of his younger children restored him to some reason and feelings of nature, and instant and rapid preparation was made to reach the block-house, where, ere mid-day, the whole family, except two, were in safety. Those two had disappeared. Their father sat in silence, brooding over the events of the two days. The youngest, a fine little boy of six years of age, not seeing his sister-nurse, put his hand on his father's knees, and sobbed, "Where is Lucy?" A severe box, that felled him, was the answer, and the father resumed his gloomy reverie, as his second daughter, weeping, lifted her little stunned brother and carried him out of sight of the unnatural parent. Let us thus leave the father brooding deeds of vengeance, and his younger distressed children, and follow the now Lucy Parkman and her brother.

The moment that they saw their father and Mad Sam, darting backwards from each other, and heard the harsh expression fall from the former, the fatal truth flashed upon them, that by some means, Mad Sam had become acquainted with the marriage of Lucy and Letburn, and communicated the circumstances to their father. That father they knew.

"Lucy," said her brother, "fly, and leave me to manage the affair," and seeing her hesitate, continued in a most earnest tone, "haste, haste, my sister, and save your father." The quick mind of Lucy caught his meaning, which, if the sentence could have been finished, would have been, "fly, and save your father from an act of violence." It was while one pressed, and the other hesitated, that Captain Clement rode up; and the active mind of Thomas Ryland at once seized the relief, to give an entire change to the scene. Hurrying his sister into the house, made her throw off her own clothing, and put on some belonging to a younger brother; then putting over all a linsey-woolsey hunting shirt, and hunting cap; in a moment of confusion and terror, the disguise was so complete as to enable her to appear as a pale and delicate young man; and to aid the deception, a number of terrified neighbours now came hurrying on towards the Fort. Confounded in the throng, the brother and sister approached the Fort until they saw their friends in safety, and then struck into the woods; with which Thomas Ryland was perfectly acquainted, and made direct for Catfish, where they arrived still early in the day.

The whole transactions, from the arrival of Mad Sam at Ryland's, until the families of the adjacent neighbourhood were on their way, and many of them actually in the different block-houses, was little, if any more than I have taken to relate the circumstances.

The most powerful and exciting of all our connections, so far from losing, gain force in the hour of danger; and if that danger becomes imminent, females, so far from weakness, often seem to lose all fear, and display an intrepidity almost superhuman; and this was a time to call forth all the energies of man and woman. It was the most threatening of all the years of "The West."

A large body of Indians crossed the Ohio below Wheeling, but the inhabitants about and near the Fort, being put on their guard, the savage enemy avoided an attack, and pushed directly into the heart of the country towards Catfish. A number of families were surprised and captured; but the Indian chiefs began to feel they were in an enemy's country. Most of the common dwelling houses were found deserted, but the block-houses in a state of defence. From the prisoners they learned that Wheeling Fort, now in their rear, had been made a point of rendezvous, and that an army was forming there to expel them from the country. Seized with alarm, they commenced their retreat, and exasperated at their disappointment, determined to murder their male prisoners; which resolution was carried into effect, with circumstances of atrocity at which the soul revolts to believe possible.

"Imagination's utmost stretch," can hardly fancy a more heart-rending scene than was there exhibited. Parents, in the bloom of life and glow of health, mercilessly mangled to death, in the presence of children, whose sobbing cries served but to heighten the torments of the dying.—Husbands cruelly lacerated, and by piece-meal deprived of life, in view of the tender partners of their bosoms, whose agonizing shrieks, increasing the anguish of torture, sharpened the sting of death."*

Sheepf, Heckewelder and others, might say what they chose, to account for the catastrophe, but it was this ferocious—this hellish massacre, which formed and sealed the death-warrant of the Moravian Indians, two years afterwards. But to advance with our tale.

Thomas Ryland and his young warrior companion, for I forgot to mention that a light rifle made part of the disguise, on reaching the appointed place, almost the first one they met, even before they could speak to any other person, was the ominous Mad Sam; who, with his usual impudence, stepped before them, bawling out—"Steal a march, hey?" and fixing his monkey-eyes on the younger, was completely, for once in his life, at fault. "New comer—new comer," he muttered, "never saw before—never saw before." Thomas Ryland, very justly enraged, and anxious for his charge, pushed back the intruder with the muzzle of his rifle, without speaking, and advanced to a very different person, who was pacing backwards and forwards in a very agitated manner. This was Letburn Parkman, his eyes fixed on the ground; and so completely was he absorbed in the bitterness of reflection, that his brother-in-law touched him on the shoulder, thus giving the first intimation of his arrival.

"God of Heaven, Thomas!" was his first exclamation, "where is your father, your brothers, and sisters, and—"

"All safe," replied Thomas, forcing a smile—a smile soon suppressed, as he caught the basilisk eyes of Eli Bringham, who was seated at the root of a tree, his rifle held slanting between his knees, and a stranger also, of sinister aspect, leaning against the same tree, and in a close and under tone of conversation with each other.

"That scoundrel," observed Letburn, bitterly, "is meditating some deed of—"

"The suspicion is not perhaps entirely unjust," interrupted Ryland, "and if he thinks of joining Girty—"

"He'll earn his passport before he leaves this, or I'm mistaken," replied Letburn, with a shudder.

"I know you too well, Letburn, rejoined Ryland, "to set that down to fear of Bringham, or any one else—walk this way;" and they apparently with carelessness; sauntered to some distance, until a small thicket intervened between them and the object of their wrath and suspicion; when Ryland turning round, and looking Letburn earnestly in the face, observed: "My dear boy, are you not blind—let me introduce to you —," and he stopped.

Letburn at first eyed the questioner with unfeigned astonishment, but a flash of the truth passed over his mind, as he met the glance of the young stranger.

"No extravagance—no time," said Thomas, stepping between the new acquaintances.

A call to ranks, from their superior officer came now seasonably to their relief; and the line was soon formed; Letburn and Ryland, with the young stranger between them, standing together. A short address, which pressing danger made eloquent, explained what all too well felt, the necessity of immediate and joint action. A pause, and those disposed to volunteer, were requested to move three paces in front. The call was responded to by nearly the whole line. The officer, very much pleased, passed his eye along the front; most of the persons he knew; but pausing upon the sweet, but girl-like visage between Letburn and Ryland, smiled, and observed: "A very young soldier, you have got there," and then commenced to call the roll, and enter the names. When he had entered that of Letburn, who was on the right of the three, he, of course, demanded the name of the very young soldier.

Ryland, with great promptness answered, "Isaac Carr." The officer smiled as he wrote the name, imputing the hesitation of the young volunteer, to extreme youth.

Amongst the volunteers, one of the foremost was Eli Bringham; who, it was observed, was more than commonly taciturn and stern; speaking to no one but the stranger already mentioned; who also volunteered. The marriage, and its very remarkable circumstances, had become known; and under an ordinary state of affairs, would have produced much idle comment; and with common men, in the case of Bringham, would have produced some coarse jeering, but he was a man who at no time was a safe object of jokes. But even in this situation of excessive danger, some remarks could not be avoided. One young man, half laughing, and looking at Letburn, who was, however, beyond ear distance, observed to his companion: "Where the ——— did Parkman leave his bride?"

"In Rice's Fort, you butt end of a gum log," replied his companion.

"Do look at Bringham," said the first speaker, "he looks as if he had first killed, and then eat a Shawanee."

"He looks very much like a man," continued the more discerning second speaker; "like a man, that if I had taken his sweet-heart from him, and then marched to war in the same company, I'd think I had more enemies than the enemy.

* * * * * *

We may now pass over some weeks. The Indians, as we have seen, retreated, but vengeance burned after them. Their inroad had left traces of blood, and tears, which nothing but their own blood could wash away. The whole country, west of the mountains, was roused, and the leading men, such as Ebenezer Zane, Col. Shepherd, the two Swearengens, Van and Andrew, Cols. Williamson and Crawford, exerted themselves to raise a body of men to retaliate on the savages, by carrying the war into their own country. To give the more certainty of effective success to this expedition, Col. Broadhead, United States Commanding Officer, at Pittsburgh, was induced to join, and take the command. It was now a war of extermination, on both sides; and, perhaps, on either side, the most remarkable soldier was Isaac Carr. This youth became browner, but otherwise no older. In all the fatigues of marching, for of fighting, in that campaign, there was none of any serious consequence, his two more robust fellow soldiers took most on their own shoulders. If his very mild and passive conduct, could not have screened him from the insults of the rough material of such an army, awe was produced by the two irreparable champions.

Any object which, if inanimate, and was prized by either Letburn Parkman or Thomas Ryland, would have become an object of the hate of Eli Bringham; but infinitely more than hate, fell upon the head of a human being fostered by them and enjoying their warmest friendship; and deep, dark and fierce in deed, was the smothered hatred of Bringham against the whole three.

Where was now the once admired Lucy, in public report? Dead, from savage hands. A report once set on foot, can, in most cases, run swiftly, and increase in stature, without any further parental aid; and coming from who it might be, the current report was, that on the morning after her marriage, as with her family and others she was hurrying to the Fort, she was missed, and that the next day her dead body was found, and buried hastily in the forest. In any time when such an event should have come alone, its reality, and not shadowy form, might have been inquired into; but even the fate of one so loved, so cherished, was merged in the dread murder of the male prisoners; whose torn bodies attested the tragedy.—But there were mourners, and sincere mourners for Lucy. Several days did her father sit, the image of stricken, unforgiving and more than deadly wrath against his child. Her brothers and sisters dared not pronounce her name. To them, by the humane of the Fort, carefully was told the distressful tale, and silently and bitterly did they weep.

Of all the works of the Creator, most mysterious is the human heart; and in that of the stern Richard Ryland, Nature still retained her claim. His red and dry eye, from which the fire of fiercest wrath had kindled beneath a fountain, rising to quench the flame, and recal him to the feelings of a father. The struggle was great, however, for serpent-like is the attacks of a mistaken pride against the noblest affections. But a storm came, which could not be resisted. On the fourth morning, this obdurate was roused from his stupor, by one universal wail. The souls of the war-hardened soldier-hunters were wrung: from their furrowed and embrowned visages, the tear of anguish flowed; while groans and curses mingled in their aspiration.

Around Richard Ryland, sat his children, and to them he addressed the first words he had spoken since his arrival with them in the Fort: "What means this loud lamentation?"

The words had scarce passed his lips, when all his children were on their knees, clinging round him but one—that one the youngest—and he was in his father's bosom, and once more his little arms clasped his father's neck. No answer could be given—grief and dread were too powerful. The effect on those who saw the scene—the group of parent and children—was dreadful, and the burst of agony seemed as if it came from the very graves of the murdered people.

"What means this loud lamentation?" again demanded Richard Ryland; and one of his neighbours now summoned fortitude to relate the case. "Oh! God of Heaven and Earth!" ejaculated the father, once again looking tenderly over his wretched children; but, as if struck with some terrible recollection, his mind reflowed again into itself, and after some time he heared a bitter sigh, and muttered low, "My Lucy."

"Our Lucy," sobbed the little son and brother, "Injen kill too."

"My murdered child," screamed the father. "I am the murderer," and he fell amidst his terrified family. Restored to reflection, and relieved by a violent paroxysm of tears, he was laid on his pallet in utter helplessness. Next morning he heard calmly the supposed fate of his eldest daughter, and heard it from the mouth of the pious minister, who so lately united her to the man her heart adored. Resentment was gone from the bosom of the repentant man, and he received and returned, with all his remaining strength, the warm pressure of his friend, as he bid him "Remember what God has left thee," and pointed to his prostrate children.

"Where is my other sons?" he demanded, after a pause. The minister then told him that Thomas and Letburn were armed, and gone to aid in chastising the enemy. The moment this information met his ear, the Christian was forgotten, and the natural man and father appeared. He started to his feet, with all the alacrity of health and youth, his eyes gleamed, as he exclaimed, "And may I live to see them return, dyed in the blood——" But nature sunk in the conflict; he was laid back on his pallet, and in an instant was in a deep and calm sleep. It was supposed that, in all the period from the meeting of Mad Sam, until this time, Richard Ryland had slept not. On his pillow of rest, we may now leave him, and follow the wanderings of his absent children.

Every motive which could stimulate men to action, now animated the whole region of West Pennsylvania, and North-western Virginia. Revenge and self-defence, were blended, and together formed one mighty impulse. The storm of reaction fell first on the Munsie towns, on the northern branch of the Allegheny. Their crops and warriors were alike swept, and the right flank of West Pennsylvania secured.

The Munsie Indians chastised; an army of eight hundred men was formed at Weeling; and crossing the Ohio, marched through the wilderness direct towards the hostile town on the higher branches of the Muskingum. It was at this time that the first cloud seemed ready to burst upon the Moravian Indians residing on the north-east branch of the Muskingum, or Tuscarawas. Destruction impended on them as the army approached Salem; but the prudence and humanity of Col. Broadhead dissipated the storm at that time. Many of the militia, and one of the most malignant, Eli Bringham, insisted on rushing on to Salem, and destroying it; but as no distinct proof was given, that the inhabitants had ever acted in any but a friendly manner to the people of the western country, Col. Broadhead halted, and by an express, brought the Moravian Missionary, Mr. John Heckewelder, to the camp, who was made acquainted with the object of the invasion, and requested to keep the people of his towns out of the way of the army. These arrangements made, the troops moved forward upon Coshocton town, at the junction of Tuscarawas and White Woman's rivers.

Two circumstances occurred at this moment, that proved to demonstration, the innocence and neutrality of the devoted Moravians. From Gnadenhutter to the hostile town, was little above twenty miles; yet not an intimation was given to the warriors of Coshocton of the approach of the white army, until the troops rushed into the heart of the town. The whole population, men, women and children, were captured, and their fine crops of corn laid waste.

For several days the rain had fallen in torrents, and swelled every creek to a river; this inclemency saved the town west of Muskingum. Col. Broadhead, and the other officers in council, decided on retreat; but first determined the fate of the prisoners. Pekilloo, a friendly Delaware Indian chief, was required to point out such of the warriors most notorious for acts of atrocity against the whites. Sixteen were selected, led forth and put to death. For reasons which even then, it is probable, could not have been easily either explained or justified, the other captives were confided to the militia, to be conducted to Fort Pitt.

To show how little the Indians could benefit by the examples of the whites, in rigid obedience to the civilized warfare, was apparent on this occasion. The next morning after the surprise and taking of Coshocton, an Indian advanced to the opposite bank of Muskingum, and requested to speak to "The Big Captain."

Col. Broadhead advanced, and demanded his errand.

"Peace, we want peace," replied the chief.

"Send over some of your chiefs, then," responded Broadhead.

"May be kill," again said the Indian.

"Your ambassadors shall be safe," replied Broadhead.

Upon this assurance, a noble looking chief came over, but had scarce entered into conversation with the commander, when a militia-man advanced with a tomahawk concealed under his hunting-shirt, which, when close upon the Indian, he jerked forth, plunging it into the head of the warrior, who fell at the feet of Col. Broadhead, and expired.

This flagitious murder, put an end to all hopes of peace, and comparing their numbers with the hostile warriors beyond the Muskingum, compelled an immediate retreat. Col. Broadhead had not power to punish the perpetrator or to prevent equal deeds of horror. The disorderly army had scarce began its retrograde march, and had not proceeded a mile from Coshocton, when a massacre of the prisoners commenced, and in a very few minutes only a few women and children remained.* The survivors, after some detention at Pittsburgh, were exchanged for a like number of white captives.

How strange is the fate of man! In that very body of human beings, who trampled on all the principles which redeem our nature, there were individuals who would have shuddered to crush the fly that disturbed their rest. Amongst the prisoners who, with despairing looks, saw her husband expire under the hatchet, and with her infant slung in a basket on her back, took up her painful way to the land of the whites, was a young and beautiful Indian woman. The husband had been stricken down by the arm of Eli Bringham—and the fiendish expression of the executioner, was caught by the wife and mother; who instinctively shrunk from the monster—but her looks of natural hatred was caught, and her life marked by the object: a feeling heightened to determination by another circumstance arising from the very holiest of nature's laws. When the flames were consuming her absolute, and when husband, home, and liberty, had all disappeared from before the poor Indian mother, she nestled to the soft and tearful eye of one of her own sex—she caught the arm, and implored the protection of Isaac Carr.

Pekillon, addressing Ryland and Parkman, observed, pointing to Carr, who had taken the hand of the prisoner: "Face boy—woman," and then placing his hand on his breast, exclaimed: "*Good, Good!*" and thus the melancholy march commenced. But alas! the path was soon bloody. Those of the militia who really wished to save the lives of the prisoners, pressed around the objects of their humanity, but they were too few.

Letburn and his two companions, apprehensive of the event, kept close together, and around the Indian women; but all four were arrested by loud and sudden screams behind them. They turned and saw an Indian man cut down in the midst of his family. They had no time to dwell on that sight alone. It was a signal repeated in every direction. Vindictive glances had, from the outset of the campaign, evinced the real feelings of Bringham towards the protectors of the Indian widow, and that very morning had burst into violence, while preparing for retreat. The insulting expressions of Bringham, had roused Thomas Ryland to anger; and when so roused he was truly terrible. The two antagonists were rushing to mortal combat, which was prevented by the interference of Col. Broadhead and other officers.

"Never mind, never mind," muttered Bringham, as he sullenly retired.

"Never mind," retorted Ryland, in a voice of bitterness.

If their quarrel had been momentary, they had neither time to cool, when the massacre of the prisoners commenced; but it was mutual wrath, which blood, and blood alone could quench. Bringham blamed Ryland for his disappointment with Lucy; and Ryland saw that beloved sister exposed to all the hardships of war, in a wilderness doubly savage; and regarded Bringham as the cause. Deeper still, were the anxious thoughts of the mild, but unwaveringly brave Letburn Parkman. He saw what it had cost the woman of his heart to become his; and both the brother and husband bore much more than they would otherwise have done, from reflecting on what would be the condition of their treasure, should she be deprived of one or both.

In a sweeping gallop, up came Bringham, followed by five or six more of similar stamp; reckless of aught but their object of thirst—blood; and dashing in between Parkman and the Indian woman, aimed a deadly blow at the latter with his tomahawk. But rapid as lightning, Isaac Carr sprung to ward the blow, and received its whole weight on the right shoulder, and fell with a piercing shriek.

"My wife, my wife!" exclaimed Parkman, clasping the writhing body.

"My sister! infernal villain!" cried Ryland, in a voice of mingled grief and ungovernable rage, as he sprung from his horse, and throwing his arms round the body of Bringham, brought him to the ground on his head and shoulders; and seizing the tomahawk which had struck Lucy to the earth, dashed it into the breast of the murderer, and left it there.

"What, what, what is this?" cried Col. Broadhead, who was exerting himself to save the poor screaming women and children prisoners. "Madmen, are you not contented to murder your captives, but must murder one another?"

"My sister!" vociferated Ryland.

"Good God!" exclaimed Broadhead, "that squaw is not your sister!"

"But that murdered form was," replied Ryland, in a tone almost supernatural. But the attention of both was now for a moment turned to another object: it was Letburn Parkman, who sprung to his feet, and clapping his hands, with much apparent joyfulness, burst into boisterous laughter. "Oh! Col. Broadhead," said Ryland, "his brain is turned; that man is my sister's husband!"

"Battles have I been in, and scenes of death many," inwardly replied Col. Broadhead, "but this is the most dreadful scene of all."

One being maintained the most perfect presence of mind, amid all this sanguinary tumult: that was the Indian widow; who, with her infant on her back, chafed the temples, and staunched the blood of the wounded Lucy, whose son she had before, in fact, suspected, as she afterwards avowed. The maddened rage of Ryland was completely calmed by the shocking aspect of his brother-in-law; who now made the woods echo with screams and shouts of laughter. Reason was gone, never more to return, until the gates of death were opening.

Ryland, restored to himself, sat down on the ground, and placed, as he supposed, the lifeless head of his sister on his lap: but at the moment, a long-drawn sigh from the victim, thrilled to the heart of the brother. Returning sensation was now restored, and her first words were,—"Oh, father!"—But as if awaking from a fearful dream, she fixed her eyes on those of her brother, and yet bewildered, said in a feeble voice—"where?" and swooned.

* * * * * * *

The softened Richard Ryland, had returned mournfully to his cabin with his remaining children. His moroseness had disappeared—when he addressed any of them, it was in the language and tone of a tender parent. Always a careful and industrious man, he was now even too laborious for his age and health. At early dawn he was up, and while his children yet slept, a short but heart-felt prayer was bre

For the Saturday Evening Post.

THE VOICE OF AUTUMN.

BY MARY EMILY JACKSON.

I have come again with my stormy breath,
And the summer blossoms have drooped in death;
I have made my bed where the flow'rets grew,
I have chill'd to ice-drops the balmy dew:
Where the sweet breeze wandered I revel free,
And my note I breath howls through the leafless tree.

I have stilled the song of the summer bird,
And my gloomy mornings alone are heard:
From the ice-clad North I have sped my way
I have turned to darkness the summer day;
I have lull'd to silence the sounds of mirth,
And my snowy mantle is o'er the earth.

I have come again with my stealthy breath,
And the frosts of age are upon my brow:
I have stripped the wreath from the lovers' brow,
And the gay green leaves from the sunny bough.
Oh, they all are mine! but I will not stay,
When the bright Spring blushes I'll haste away.

THE BRIDE.

The bridal veil hangs o'er her brow,
The ring of gold is on her finger,
Her lips have breathed the marriage vow,
Why would she at the altar linger?

Why wears her gentle brow a shade,
Why dim her eye, when doubt is over,
Why does her slender form for aid,
Lean tremblingly upon her lover?

Is it a feeling of regret,
For solemn vows so lately spoken?
Is it a fear, scarce owned as yet,
That her new ties may soon be broken?

Oh, no! such causes darken not
The cloud that's swiftly passing o'er her,
Her's is a fair and happy lot,
And bright the path that lies before her.

Her heart has long been freely given,
To him who now her hand possessing,
Through patient years has fondly striven,
To merit well the precious blessing.

It is the thought of untried years,
That, to her spirit strongly clinging,
Is dimming her blue eye's with tears,
And o'er her face a shade is flinging.

It is the thought of duties new;
Of wishes that may prove deceiving—
Of all she hopes, yet fears to do,
Of all she loves, and all she's leaving.

Is it the thought of by-gone days,
Of them, the fond, the gentle hearted,
Who meet not now her tearful gaze,
The dear, the absent, the departed?

Oh! who can marvel that the bride
Should leave the sacred altar weeping?
Or who would seek those tears to chide,
That fresh and green her heart are keeping?

Not he who with a lover's care,
And husband's pride, is fondly guiding
Her trembling steps; for he can share
The gentle thoughts that need no hiding.

Soon love for him those tears will chase,
And smiles re-light her eye with gladness,
And none will blame who truly trace
To its pure source, her transient sadness.

Saturday Evening Post.

Saturday, January 10.

☞ Published weekly, at No. 56 Carter's Alley, Philadelphia, up-stairs, the Girard Bank.

☞ Advertisements from a distance, are not inserted in this paper, unless paid for in advance.

To Readers and Correspondents.

When addressing the publisher respecting subscribers, please always mention at what post office the papers are received.

The articles from Agnes will receive due attention. The "Military Reminiscence," alluded to by H. S. was laid aside, some weeks since.

The article signed "Ellen," addressed to the Milford Bard, on the subject of his late essay on Bachelors, we take to be a fiction. The writer is unquestionably a male biped—for who but a hero of whiskers and mustachios would write such a verse as the following:

"Thou not a sacred writer say,
He that finds a wife, finds the way
To gain favor of the Great I Am,
Who gave woman an help meet for man."

"M. J. B." is inadmissable.

"S. H. S." certainly writes with considerable facility, but we are not pleased with the character of his tale, nor with the silly sentimentality which distinguishes the intercourse of his lovers. We make it a rule, to insert no love tale which does not afford either amusement or instruction.

The articles copied from a daily journal, we respectfully decline.

Senex is on file.

☞ Single copies of this paper may be obtained every Saturday, of Mr. A. McMakin, N. L. News Rooms, 219 North Third st.

We are requested to state that R. L. Dickson's writing academy has been removed from the corner of Fifth and Chesnut, to No. 168 North Third st.

The Weather.—For a week past the cold has been intense, and complaints of the severity of the weather reach us from all quarters. In this city, the thermometer, on one or two occasions, has sunk below zero. The Delaware river is frozen over, and citizens cross on the ice almost constantly. At New York, the North and East rivers are filled with floating ice. In Albany, the thermometer, on Sunday last, stood at thirty-two degrees below zero, being within 8 degrees of the point at which mercury freezes.

An excellent tale from the pen of our friend Mark Baneroft, will be found on our first page, to which we would call the attention of our readers. The incidents are striking, and deeply interesting; but the great merit of the composition is *its truth*. Facts are given faithfully, as they occurred, the names of the parties only being disguised. The writer is a gentleman of experience, who has travelled much, observed closely, and stored his mind with valuable information. We are promised other stories of a like character, from the same source.

Speaking of the extracts from Mrs. Butler's work on America, the New York Star says:

"Miss Kemble, or rather Mrs. Butler, is a woman of fine mind—bold, spirited, and full of talent. She has been spoiled by family pride and public applause, and we must make the usual allowances for these defects."

LITERARY NOTICES.

American Magazine.—The November number of this periodical, published by the Boston Bewick Company, has been received in this city. It contains a large number of interesting articles, illustrated with engravings. The work is one that deserves a liberal patronage. C. P. Fessenden, No. 1, Franklin Place, is the agent for Philadelphia.

FANNY KEMBLE.

Several extracts from the forthcoming work of Miss Kemble, have lately appeared in the Boston Transcript. One of them was transferred to the columns of the Post last week, and others were prepared for this number; but the following card having appeared in the United States Gazette of this city, we have deemed it proper, as an act of justice due the interests of the American publishers, to suppress them:

Dear Sir—We observe in several of the papers, passages said to be extracts from Mrs. Butler's work which we have now in the press. There is no part of the work in this country, except of our edition, and as we have given none to any person, all sheets that may be in possession of any person whatever, must have been stolen. We cannot suppose that the editors, understanding such to be the case, would be guilty of such a violation of propriety as to make use of them. We are the proprietors of the work and it should be left to us to determine the time and the manner of publication. If the passages now published be taken from the work, it is a violation of copyright, which exposes all who print them, to the risk of an action for damages. We are persuaded that those who have published them, have done so without proper consideration, and that it is only necessary that they should understand the facts to prevent a repetition of it. Yours, &c.

CAREY, LEA & CO.

In relation to the above, we would remark, that the editor of the Boston Transcript, in giving place to the first extract, stated explicitly that it had been obtained from the printing-office in London, consequently its publication could be no infringement of Messrs. Carey, Lea & Co's copy right. Nevertheless, as there is no disposition on the part part of the press of this city to interfere with the interests of these highly respectable and enterprising publishers, we presume that no additional chapters from the work will be published until the publication is announced. Those which have already appeared, will probably increase the public desire to read the book when it shall appear.

Hours of Devotion: translated by Morris Mattson. Second edition. Philadelphia: James Kay, Jr. & Brother.

We are gratified in being able to announce that a second edition of this truly valuable work has been called for by the reading community. This is a book that affords valuable and profitable entertainment to the reflective mind, and its popularity is a proof of the good taste of our citizens. The translator appears to have bestowed much attention and labour upon the work, and he deserves high commendation for favouring the public with a production of such standard value. In addition to the extracts we have already made from "Hours of Devotion," we give the following, which cannot fail to be read with interest:

FROM HOURS OF DEVOTION.

BY MORRIS MATTSON.

I.

There are few who do not engage in prayer. It is not confined to christians alone; but even the savage, who roams along the solitary streams of India, humbles himself before a superior being. Although he is enveloped in mental darkness, yet his heart is full of religion; and if he lifts his voice in supplication to the stars, he will not be overlooked by Him who numbers even the flowers of the field.

II.

Man, in a fit of excitement, rarely weighs the powers of his mind, and therefore, every thing seems easy to accomplish; but when this enthusiasm has passed away, he finds how grossly he has been deceived.

III.

In nature, every thing goes quietly and smoothly along. The day gradually changes into darkness, and the summer is mellowed by degrees into autumn. There are no fits and starts—no irregularities—but a regular and sure progression of all we behold. This is a lesson from which all may derive instruction. If man, therefore, would elevate his condition in a religious point of view, he must, in the first place, root out the most dangerous of his vices. If he is inclined to anger, he must lessen its violence; if he is a voluptuary, he will deny himself his accustomed luxuries; if he is ambitious, he will learn to accord that praise to others, which he has so exclusively claimed for himself.

IV.

With every succeeding year there are some new traits developed in our characters, of which we were before ignorant. Therefore we must continually guard against those causes which might predispose us to evil. A virtuous youth may degenerate into a sinful man; an amiable female into a dissolute woman.

V.

What self-love often renders desirable, ceases to have a charm when we are more immediately associated with God. In the light of holiness, we blush for the selfish hardness of our hearts, which, alone, can be unreconciled by our devotions.

IV.

As we cast our eyes abroad, we behold innumerable worlds filling the immensity of space. The beings who dwell upon their surface, have, like us, their divisions of the day, and changes of the year. To them, our earth appears as a mere speck—a grain of sand upon the sea shore. And we people it—what are we? What is all our imaginary wealth and splendor? What are all the thrones, the empires, and the legions of armed men, before whom we are accustomed to tremble?—aye, tremble, while we scarcely regard the Creator who called them into existence. How exalted, and how insignificant—how mighty and how weak, does man appear at the same moment.

VII.

Imperishable are all the works of the Creator! Nothing that we behold can be annihilated! The constituent parts of the universe may gradually decay; but in this very corruption, we perceive the sources of new life. Every thing that disappears, is reproduced in a new form. There is an intimate connexion observable throughout the whole natural world. The drop of water that falls to the ground, will in time find its way to the ocean, whence it is again taken up, and cast upon the earth. What unfathomable goodness is every day unfolded to our view! Century upon century has passed away, and yet every thing, save man, remains almost unchanged. The rose and the lily we gather in our fields, are like unto those that bloomed in the gardens of the wise king, nearly three thousand years ago. The birds and the beasts are the same now that they ever have been; the moon and the stars look down upon the earth with their wanted brightness and beauty.

VIII.

When spring returns, all is life, motion and activity. Every thing undergoes a change. Plants that were dead, are quickened into life, and all that had vanished, now re-appears. The dismal and meancholy waste is clothed with flowers—and deserts of ice and snow are blossoming with the rose. But the history of a year, with its blossoms and fruits—sunshine and snow, is but the history of a single moment. This seeming change is but an illusion. Noon and night; morning and evening; summer and winter—all exist at the same time. If we could take the wings of an eagle, and soar away into the regions of space, then would the globe we inhabit (as it moves onward in its course) appear to us with its light and shade, and all the varieties of the seasons at the same instant. The evening splendor of one country, is the morning light of its antipodes. One half the world is lost in slumber, while the other is busy and active. Here is quiet and repose—there is mirth and festivity. Here is the brightness of the moon; there the solemnity of midnight. On one side we behold the earth covered with snow and ice, the inhabitants half benumbed with cold—on the other, the plains smoking, the plants withering, and the animals dying with the intensity of heat. In one place we see the blossoms of spring—in another, the ripe and mellow fruits of autumn. What order! what beauty! what enchantment! And this, in our limited views, we call the change of the seasons.

CHARCOAL EATING.

The following extraordinary disclosures are given in a late number of the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal:

"It is notorious among physicians, that many young ladies, in some of the Northern States, are addicted to the very pernicious habit of eating charcoal—and that when this habit has once been established, they undergo as much apparent suffering if deprived of their accustomed stimulus, as the inebriate or tobacco devourer, who feel that life is divested of all its rational value when their quantum is by any circumstance diminished, or as they would generally consider it unfortunately withheld. In the tanneries, particularly, it is said that the female operatives actually consume so much of this article as to astonish those who have taken the trouble to make an investigation. The vice is by no means exclusively confined to this class or the circle at first adverted to. School misses and house maids, have also, in many instances, contracted the love of charcoal eating, which is seldom relinquished by means of persuasion or arguments.

There is a separation of the coal cakers into two divisions. Those of feeble constitute, of pale countenances and exceedingly delicate frames, are said to prefer an occasional meal of dry blue clay, such as is found in the brick yards. Mention has been made of one individual who was altogether partial to pipe clay.

No one will doubt for a moment, that the ostensible object in beginning to eat such an unnatural, tasteless article, is based upon its imaginary effect as an internal cosmetic, in beautifying the complexion. Even the extremities of the body—the fingers, nails, &c., are all supposed to become exceedingly delicate under such potent black regimen. No long time is required, however, to confirm the habit, beyond the control of the violence to the stomach. The same unamiable desire which distinguishes the morbid cravings of the dirt-eating negroes of the South, is manifested in these individuals, which they find it so difficult to restrain, without undergoing a series of real afflictions, which call forth the assistance of medicine.

It was not our intention to descend to particulars, in these observations, but to express an earnest hope that some professional gentleman, who has had an opportunity of watching the growth of the evil, and who, perhaps, can render detail its effects on the constitutions of those who have indulged their appetites without restraint, will furnish some facts in the case with a view to giving publicity to the existence of a destructive habit, which has for a long time been disregarded by physicians."

Sally Carry's Courtship.—We have taken from the "Recollections of a Housekeeper," just published by the Harpers, the following simple, but touching account of the love and courtship of one of Mrs. Packard's "helps:"

"Well, Sally," said I, smiling, "am I to lose you on Sunday night?"

"I am afeard so, ma'am," replied she, sliding behind the door.

"Don't be ashamed, Sally," said I. "I have shown you such an example of marrying one whom *I* preferred, that I am sure I cannot blame you."

Upon this Sally looked up, and I asked her how long she had known Mr. Curry.

Sally began twisting a gold ring that was on the fore-finger of her *left* hand, and said:

"My mother, ma'am, was a poor woman in Salem, the widow of a sea-captain. He was lost on a voyage, and she fell sick, declining, like. I was her only child. It was a very stormy night, a year ago, on my mother was very ill. I sent to a neighbour to say I was afeared she would'nt stand it. One neighbour sent back she daresn't leave her baby, who was sick, but a young man who was boarding there, a sailor named Curry, a very decent person, would come and watch with me. I was thankful to see a living countenance, and said he might come and welcome.

"That was my forlorn night; but Mr. Curry helped me a sight. My mother was in a faint like all night, and he was as tender as a child to her. Once he began to tell a sea story, to try to cheer me up, but he found he made me cry more, because it did'nt seem somehow respectful to talk of the things of life by a death-bed, and he stopped talking, and only now and then, when he found he could'nt comfort me, nor raise her neither, he would fetch up such a pitying look, as if he wished he could.

"The day was just dawning when my mother seemed to come to a little, and spoke right out, Sally, dear?

"'What, mother?' says I, and my heart beat as if it would come through.

"'Is there any body with you?' says she.

"'Yes, dear mother, a friend,' says I whispering.

"'Will he take care of you?' says she, and she looked with a sunk eye full on Curry.

"Curry got right up, and came by the bed-side, and knelt down, and took her thin hand, and said, in a voice quite loud and solemn, 'I will take care of her, so help me God.'

"She did'nt say another word, but just gave a kind of sigh, as it were, not sorrowful, but as if she was satisfied, and squeezed his hand, and so she died."

For the Saturday Evening Post.

AN EVENING AT NIBLO'S—No. 1.

By Oberon, Puck-ins and Squib.

Fustian.—I have just had an interview with an individual labouring under mono-mania—a distinguished example of the weakness of human nature when the intellect is shattered, or the brain confused.

Squib.—Who was the individual, and upon what point did you find him insane?

Fustian.—His name is Edward Postlethwayte Page, of Ohio, a man who fancies that he has received a special revelation from God, to warn the inhabitants of the world that the millennium is just at hand.

Sir Oracle.—I have heard of Page, and noticed some of his writings. How did you find him in conversation.

Fustian.—Affable, agreeable and intelligent, so long as we conversed upon general subjects. He has been well educated—has a finely formed head, very brilliant eyes, and is altogether prepossessing in his appearance and manners. We were speaking of astronomy, and his language was beautifully poetic. I did not suspect his insanity until he mentioned the late eclipse of the sun.

Squib.—And why, then?

Fustian.—He said, that during the eclipse he was appointed the amanuensis of Providence, and required to write a letter to the family of mankind, warning them of the world's destruction in the year 1836.

Sir Oracle.—I remember that he makes mention of the same matter in a late publication called "*A Spectre Ghost,*" filled with unintelligible calculations in relation to the age of the world. From what I have heard of Page, I have always regarded him as a striking instance of mono-mania.

Squib.—Is it then conceded by physicians and men of science, that an individual may be insane in reference to one subject, and entirely rational on all others?

Sir Oracle.—It is, in a measure, but the concession is the result of the force of practical example, rather than an acknowledged principle of Philosophy. Physicians know that there are instances of mono-mania, in persons of sound constitution, but they are not sufficiently acquainted with the action and re-action of the mind to explain the primary cause.

Fustian.—Mono-mania is unquestionably a subject of deep interest. Its range is not confined to any one particular subject, for we almost daily hear of vagaries and whims of an amusing and eccentric character, being entertained by different individuals, who in other respects pass for sensible people.

Sir Oracle.—I have an instance now before me, in the case of Walter Holbrook, who imagines himself President of the United States, and who recently, in that capacity, demanded a large sum of money from the U. S. Branch Bank at New York.

Fustian.—You will remember, also, that a late number of *The Knickerbocker*, in an article on the subject, attributed the stealing propensity, manifested by certain individuals in high life, to mono-mania. Numerous examples were given, and I thought the case well made out.

Sir Oracle.—The most singular delusion of the kind that ever came under my observation, was the case of Ames, a crack-brained poet, who, being rejected by a lady to whom he had paid his addresses, absolutely worked himself into a belief that she subsequently recanted and married him. For years after, he regarded himself as a married man, and spoke and acted as a man of family.

Fustian.—I knew Ames very well; he was an inoffensive and very amusing manufacturer of doggrel rhymes.

Squibb.—But do not the physical or moral causes of insanity throw some light on the subject of mono-mania?

Sir Oracle.—That question I am unable to answer. The physical causes of insanity are diseases of different organs, injuries or wounds, privations, &c. Excess of passion, grief, joy, political revolutions, &c. are recarded as moral causes. How either of these causes can so operate on an individual as to make him insane, in reference to one subject only, is more than I can determine.

Fustian.—Perhaps phrenology may aid philosophical conversation on this point.

Squibb.—You mean the science of *bumps, or bumpology*—preposterous that such ridiculous notions as those advanced by Gall and Spurzheim, should be called science!

Fustian.—You are an unbeliever, then? Two to one, Sir Oracle, that if we examine his head, we shall find the organ of *cautiousness* largely developed.

Squibb.—And ten to one, Mr. Fustian, that if there be such a bump as *wonder*, in this wonderful science, it may be found upon your own wooden head.

Sir Oracle.—Let me decide this dispute, gentlemen, if you please. Come a little this way, Squibb—[examines his head]—here it *philoprogen*—

[*Squibb.*—(In a whisper)—hush! do not mind *that* organ.]

Sir Oracle.—*Adhesiveness*, al ght, *acquisitiveness*, large—*self-esteem* and *hope* very large—*cautiousness* unusually—

Squibb.—Pshaw, what nonsense—what mummery Sir Oracle; confess at once that you know nothing of the matter.

Sir Oracle.—Indeed, Mr. Squibb, I shall do no such thing. Your bumps are very expressive; and if you doubt my ability to explain them, go and procure a phrenological head, and a copy of Spurzheim's book, from Carey & Hart, and examine for yourself.

Squibb.—And supposing I find the protuberances you mention—will that, thank ye, convince me that phrenology is a science?

Sir Oracle.—It should at least induce you to make some inquiry and research into the merits of the case, before you condemn the labours and discoveries of two such men as Dr. Gall and Spurzheim. Phrenology, I know, is unpopular with those who are too indolent to read, reflect, and make observations of their own, but the deeper an individual looks into the subject, the more thoroughly is he convinced that there is some truth in the doctrine.

Fustian.—Men, it is well known, are born with different faculties of intellect, and with different moral dispositions. One child will walk and converse a year earlier than another child, and preserve that advance through life. One infant will be fretful and perverse—another kind and amiable. And so with adults: with some you shun an intercourse, because of their disagreeable manners and pernicious principles, while you are earnest in seeking the society of others.

Squibb.—And what have these facts to do with phrenology?

Fustian.—A vast deal. The skulls of men, we are told by physicians, exhibit great varieties, not only in the quantity of the brain, but in the elevation of certain points. Accurate and continued observation, have induced the phrenologist to believe that particular elevations evidence a development of particular dispositions and sentiments, and upon this observation, corroborated by close research and actual experiment, particularly on animals, has the science of phrenology been established.

Sir Oracle.—Phrenology is a modern science, and therefore the opposition it meets, is not remarkable. Like all other new sciences, it must necessarily be imperfect in its infancy, and perhaps Gall and Spurzheim have made many mistakes, especially in regard to the number of protuberances, which they set down as significant of sentiments, powers of mind and propensities. Yet these errors do not impair the truth of the science on general principles, and my own impression is, that the subject will soon form a regular study in our medical schools and universities.

Squibb.—Well, gentlemen, I confess the subject is new to me, and you must give me time for reflection, before I can become a very zealous disciple. To preserve the harmony of the club, I shall pay Fustian's bet—and having done that, as it is yet early, and a holiday evening, suppose we adjourn to the theatre.

Sir Oracle.—Very well, to the Walnut street house, to see the American Sea Serpent.

Fustian.—Content.

THE STATE LEGISLATURE.

In the House of Representatives, a day or two since, Mr. Reed of Philadelphia county, asked for the appointment of a committee to bring in a bill entitled, "A supplement to an act entitled an act for erecting the county boards, and concerning the commissioners and auditors of the county of Philadelphia, and for other purposes," which was granted, and Messrs. Reed, (of the city,) Stokes and Reed (of the county,) were appointed that committee.

The further consideration of Mr. Lacock's resolution in relation to the connection of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Canals, was postponed until Friday. The bill entitled "a supplement to an act entitled an act for incorporating the Methodist Episcopal Church, known by the name of St. George's Church in the city of Philadelphia," was then considered in committee of the whole, Mr. Smith, of Bradford, in the chair, and reported without amendment.

The bill entitled an act to open the streets, roads, lanes and alleys in a certain portion of the township of Moyamensing, and for fixing the lines and descents of the water courses of all the streets, roads, lanes and alleys in said township," was considered in committee of the whole, Mr. Walker in the chair, when, on motion of Mr. Reed, of the city, the committee rose, and had leave to sit again.

EPITOME OF THE TIMES.

Omnibus Accommodations.—Mr. Shannon, proprietor of the Auction Line of Omnibuses, with a view of accommodating the theatre going citizens of the Northern Liberties and Kensington, will run an omnibus every evening from Kensington, at a quarter before six o'clock, to the theatres and circus, and return after the performances are over.

A woman of intemperate habits, residing in the neighbourhood of Fourth and Shippen streets, died very suddenly on Sunday morning, of madness from rum.

The steam boat New Castle of the Baltimore Rail Road Line, left New Castle last Saturday, at 3 o'clock, P. M. and arrived at Chesnut street wharf on Sunday morning at 7 o'clock, A. M.—being impeded by the ice.

Fire.—The alarm of Fire at 9 o'clock on Tuesday evening, was caused by the burning of a partition in the school house belonging to the Church at the corner of Sterling alley and Race street. It caught from the stove pipe.

Fire.—The alarm of Fire Wednesday, was caused by an accident occurring with some part of the machinery in the East wing of the United States Mint, Chesnut street.

Philadelphia and Trenton Rail Road.—Travellers by this route arrive from New York between 4 and 5 o'clock in the afternoon. We understand that the number of passengers is daily increasing.

Jacob Hague, of Kensington, a man aged about 35 years, committed suicide on Saturday evening at about 4½ o'clock, by hanging himself with his pocket handkerchief in a fit of derangement brought on by intemperance, leaving a wife and family.

On Saturday last, the thermometer at Boston, was at 7 in the morning, at 2 degrees below zero.

Annual Temperance Meeting.—On the evening of new-year's day a large and highly respectable temperance meeting was held at the Rev. Dr. Tyng's church. After a prayer by Dr. Tyng, the Rev. Mr. Marsh gave a view of the operations of the Society. Among other facts he mentioned that there were 7000 temperance societies in the U. S. that 3000 distilleries had been abandoned; and that 7000 merchants had given up all traffic in spirituous liquors. Several eloquent addresses were made. We hope that the proceedings will be published.

The roof of a building was burnt on Monday, at the corner of Church Alley and Grindstone Alley; and we learn that a drayman was seriously injured by the fall of some heavy body from the upper part of the burning building.

Impudent Theft.—On Tuesday afternoon about four o'clock some rogue stole a bed, bolster and pillow from the iron of the store, corner of Second and Walnut street. The one of the prize, and the crowded state of the streets at the time the theft was committed, rendered it the boldest exhibition of knavish adventures we have for some time had occasion to record.

We hear from Bremen that on the 7th of this month there were no fewer than 17 ships with German emigrants waiting for a fair wind to sail for the U. States of North America.

A new town is about to be built up in Ohio called Centreville, in the vicinity of Mount Vernon.

The Liverpool correspondent of the Albany Daily Advertiser, states in his last letter that the present King of England, Reform Bill, is insane!

Sir Robert Peel, the present (intended) Prime Minister of England, was born on the 5th of February, 1788, consequently is in his 47th year.

The late Fair at Boston, in aid of the Sailors' Infant School, produced the liberal sum of $3000. Included in this amount was a donation of $500 by Samuel Appleton, Esq.

The following is of some importance to readers and publishers of newspapers:

A prosecution was some time since instituted by the proprietors of the New York Daily Sentinel, against a subscriber for the amount of his subscription to that paper. He pleaded that he had not ordered the paper, that it was sent him without his consenting it. The plaintiff recovered the amount claimed, for it was decided, that persons receiving a newspaper, without ordering it to be discontinued, are liable in every instance for the price of subscription.

The Governor has respited Joseph Blunder now in the Doylestown goal, under sentence of death. The cause alleged in the application to the General Assembly for the abolition of capital punishment.

A desperate fellow, named Charles Wade, who had effected his escape from the goal in Columbus, Ohio, was shot to death, a few days ago by the persons who attempted his arrest. Among a variety of articles which he had stolen after his escape was a brace of horse pistols, one of which he fired at his pursuers and was about to discharge the other when he was shot down.

The citizens of Richmond have been engaged in voting on the question, whether that city shall subscribe for $750,000 to the stock of the James and Kanawha improvement, in addition to $100,000 subscribed heretofore. The vote of the two days stood, for the subscription 336—against it 115. The polls were to be continued open on Monday last. It is probable that the result of the vote will be for the subscription.

Since the opening of the Delaware and Raritan Canal last July, 97 vessels have entered the locks at Bordentown.

Extract of a letter from a very respectable source dated Paris, Dec. 4th:

"If Gen. Jackson in his message should recommend a non intercourse with France, unless our claim is allowed, the strong probability is, that the appropriation will be made. If he does not, there is a strong probability that the appropriation will be denied."

Short Voyage.—The packet ship Caledonia Brander, Capt. Daggett, arrived at Norfolk, on Wednesday last, from Liverpool, after an absence of but seventy two days, twenty seven of which she remained in Liverpool. Pretty well for a Norfolk packet!

Progress of the Storm.—The Portland Advertiser of Tuesday, the 30th ult. says—"A furious snow storm from the N. E. commenced last night, and continued with unabated fury when our paper went to press this afternoon. Our streets are blocked up with snow drifts, and the wharves are overflowed with the tide. We have heard of no damage to the shipping.

Political Movements.—Mr. John Pope Trotter has issued proposals for publishing a semi-weekly paper in Washington to be entitled "The Sun," to advocate the election of HUGH L. WHITE, to the Presidency of the United States.

In a month's time the period of the famous prophecy of Napoleon will expire. "In twenty years," said he "*Europe will be either Republican or Cossack!*" It is quite certain she will not be *Doctrinaire.*—*Courier*

North Carolina.—The resolution instructing Mr. Mangum to vote for expunging a resolution for which he voted in the United States Senate last session, has passed the Senate of North Carolina by a vote of 33 to 28. They had before passed the House of Commons.

The Superintendant of the Patent Office at Washington, publishes a list of one hundred and fifty-two patents that have expired during the year 1834.

A New Years Present.—A gentleman in Roxbury, Mass. discovered on Friday morning last, a covered basket, which on opening was found to contain an *infant*. There was a letter also in the basket in which the finder was requested to shelter and protect it.

A new Nomination.—The 'Danville Watchman' recommends the nomination of Nor Middleswarth, as a candidate for Governor.

The county jail of Detroit was broken open on the evening of the 24th ult. and most of the prisoners escaped.

Great luck by land and field.—Four gentlemen from Boston, last week killed four deer in Wareham woods, and caught two hundred pounds of pickerel in the ponds.

Shad at Savannah.—The first shad caught in the Savannah river for the season, made its advent in the market of that city on the 22d ultimo.

Private Execution.—The Senate of Ohio, has voted 17 to 16, for the execution of criminals in private. A proposition in the same body, to abolish the punishment of death, was negatived by a vote of 24 to 9. The Senate has done credit to itself in both acts.

Mr. Benton has come out with a letter in the Globe declining the nomination for the Vice Presidency, and recommending the nomination of Martin Van Buren, for the Presidency, and union, and harmony in the Democratic party. He is highly praised for his disinterested patriotism by the Globe.

We have been now a great many years resident in Canada, and we believe we have never before experienced so many successive days of really cold weather.—[Montreal Herald 29th ult.

How to get a new Coat.—Go into a store—be very polite—crack a joke—say something funny—try on a coat—fits you well—remarkably fine—cloth very good—examine it by the light—still more pleased, when brought to the door—express yourself as to the shopkeeper—bid him a good morning, and take to your heels—he follows—but you outrun him, and so escape. This is the exact plan adopted by a fellow in a store, in Chatham street, lately. Store keepers should therefore be on their guard.

Earthquake.—Capt. Hale, of brig Rosalba arrived at Baltimore in 22 days from Rhode la Hache, states that there were three shocks of an Earthquake while he lay at that port.

Rhode Island.—A Whig convention is to be held at Providence on the 14th instant, for the purpose of making a nomination of general officers for the next election.

Riches are a blessing, when possessed by those who are rich in the feelings of humanity. Samuel Appleton, Esq. who recently gave five hundred dollars to the Infant School, has given *one thousand dollars* to the Eye and Ear Infirmary.

Crime in New York.—During the past year, there were thirty-nine convictions in New York for burglary, fifty-two for grand larceny, 478 for petty larceny, and 3 for manslaughter.

Mr. Henry Mason got into a dispute in Halifax, N. C. with his overseer, Mr. Blount Marshall, when the former drew a knife and plunged it into the body of the latter, causing his death.

One of the Boston custom house officers, who is, no doubt placed in the Secretary's Report on Salaries among the "cut downs," in a communication against the report says, "The Secretary is called the running ox of the cabinet—and if his report is a fair specimen of his general capacity, he is now sufficiently fat and fit to be butchered." This is what a Jehu would call touching the 'raw.'

The National Intelligencer of Thursday says: it is understood that the President of the United States, on Wednesday, nominated to the Senate, as a Judge of the Supreme Court, (to fill the vacancy on the bench occasioned by the decease of Judge Johnson,) James M. Wayne, now a representative in Congress from the State of Georgia.

New York.—The Legislature of New York assembled at Albany, on Monday last. Charles Humphreys, Esq. of Tompkins, was chosen a caker—Philip Reynolds, Jr. Clerk—Daniel Dygert, Sergeant-at-Arms, and N. Mason, Jr. of Oneida, Door-Keeper.

Marvin Marcy, lately tried at one of the Convent rioters, has been adjudged *guilty*. He is the only individual who has been convicted. A motion has been made for a new trial.

The following toast was given at a recent political festival in Bucks county:

"By George Zeller. Gen. Andrew Jackson—The greatest man now living, OR that ever has lived, OR that ever will live in this world.

There was imported into New York between the 22d and 27th December, $89,231, in specie.

Thirty two petitions have been presented to the House of Representatives of this State, for the repeal of the Sch—l Bill.

The Navigation of the canal closed at Hollidays burg on the 31st ult. There were three inches of snow at that place on the 22d.

At Harrisburgh the snow fell to the depth of 22 inches on the 20th of December, and since then there has been hard freezing. The Susquehanna is closed by ice.

The Natchez (Mississippi) Courier has come out in favour of Judge M'Lean for the next Presidency.

It is now said that Mr. Buchanan is to be brought forward as the Van Buren candidate for the Vice Presidency.

The publication of the Baltimore Intelligencer has ceased, for want of patronage.

A second balloon ascension was made on the 27th ult. at Cincinnati, by Mr. Kirkby. It was completely successful, but the aeronaut is said to have been poorly remunerated.

A bill has been ordered to be engrossed for a third reading in the Virginia House of Delegates, providing for a subscription on the part of the State of $250,000 to the stock of the Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac Rail Road Company.

The House of Representatives have ordered 50,000 copies of Mr. Adams' Oration in honor of Lafayette. This is most complimentary to the Orator, and must be highly grateful to his feelings.

The number of Presbyterian congregations in the United States, according to the returns for 1834, is 2648; preachers 2159; communicants 246,961.

Commendable Liberality.—A gentleman in Dorchester has paid his baker, within the last eighteen months, the sum of four hundred and ninety dollars, for bread distributed among the industrious poor in that place. It is to be hoped that such benevolence will find many imitators in this city and vicinity.—*Boston Advocate.*

Oranges grown in Davidson county, N. C. have been sold in Salem, in that State. They were the produce of a tree which, for the last three years, has annually yielded a crop of about fifty of that delicious fruit.

By the influences of the Doctrinaires in the new arrangement of the French cabinet, M. Villemain comes in as President of the Council of Instruction, and M. Cousin at the head of the National School. Both Villemain and Cousin were two of the famous Professors of the Sorbonne with Guizot, their friend.

Such is the quantity of cotton brought down to Mobile in consequence of the advance of that article, that it is piled up in some places on the wharf *ten tiers high!* Happy the country that is so prosperous and possesses the rich staple!

The Boston Post of Saturday remarks, that the *Sleighing is good*, the *bells are in tune*, the *beaux in spirits*, the *horses are swift*, the *air is keen*, and *mulled wine as white as the earth's mantle.*

Shock of an Earthquake at Hartford, (Conn.)—On Sunday evening, at 6 o'clock, a shock of an Earthquake was sensibly felt at Hartford. It continued but a few seconds, and passed off with a rumbling noise of distant thunder.

A Foundling.—It is stated that a foundling, elegantly dressed, was left in the City Hall, New York and that a liberal citizen had agreed to adopt it and leave it 1000 dollars in his will.

Indiana.—A committee has been appointed in the Legislature of Indiana with instructions to report a bill providing for the issuing a state loan of 1,500,000 dollars at a rate of interest not exceeding 5 per cent. and redeemable in not less than thirty years nor more than fifty, to be applied to the construction of works of internal improvement within the state.—The proposition was carried by a vote of 56 to 19.

We have just seen a letter from Cardinal Rossi, at Rome, to a gentleman of this city, in which he remarks, "the health of our holy father is even robust and his promises, with God's blessing, to live for many years. In Italy, tranquility reigns!"—*N. Y. Star.*

Distressing Occurrence.—A letter received at Buffalo, N. Y. states that Mr. Avery, late Cashier of the Farmers and Mechanics Bank of Detroit, was killed in that city, a few days since, by Mr. Sheldon McKnight, publisher of the Detroit Free Press. This unfortunate and distressing deed is said to have been caused by a personal quarrel, and was doubtless unpremeditated.

State of the thermometer in New York, hanging in the air, exposed to the south and west:

7 to 7½ o'clock, A. M.		9 to 10 o'clock, P. M.	
January 1,	20 above 0	22 above 0	
2,	27 "	34	"
3,	12 "	4	"
4,	5 below 0	5	"
5,	0	14	"
6,	10 above	3	"
7,	1 below		

In Cross street seven hogs were found frozen to death on Tuesday, and this morning six more were found frozen stiff.

Seven persons at Parma have been sent to prison for liming Don Miguel in the streets.

Amount of Coal transported in 1834 on the Mount Carbon Rail Road

West Branch,	do.	85,995 tons
Mill Creek,	do.	44,021
Schuylkill Valley,	do.	32,595
		21,494
		182,705

Murder.—During the passage of the schr Louisa, between Eastport and Portland, (Me.) two of the hands got into a dispute, when one of the belligerents, an Englishman, seized a handspike and struck his opponent, a man named Hatch, of Cape Elizabeth, so forcibly, as to cause his death in twelve hours.

By a late experiment it is found that rail road cars, rigged with sails, will go, with a favorable wind, at the rate of 9 or 10 miles an hour.

The editor of the National Eagle, Claremont, New Hampshire, offered a couple of *Long necked Squashes*, a huge *Pumpkin*, and flour enough to make them into pies, for the best New Year's Address, of one hundred lines, long metre.

New York Dividends.—The Neptune Insurance Company have declared a dividend of seven per cent for the last six months.

The Eagle Fire Company, four and half per cent.

The Merchants' Fire Insurance Company, three and half per cent.

The Ocean Insurance Company, ten per cent.

The New York Insurance Company, five per cent.

Cold Weather.—The thermometer early on Sunday morning was 3 degrees below Zero; which is colder than any weather which has been experienced here for two or three years. Tuesday morning the thermometer stood at 3 or 4 above Zero and at 3 P M. 17 above. The river is much encumbered with ice, and there is more or less in the harbor; but not enough, in the latter case, to impede navigation. All the steamboats on the North River have ceased running for the present.

Commerce of Boston.—In 1833 there were 1067 entries and 985 foreign clearances at the Custom House; and in 1834, 1156 foreign entries and 1008 foreign clearances—more than in any one year since the adoption of the Constitution.

In a recent trial of speed between the U. States Frigate United States, and a fleet of English frigates, the former beat them all, handsomely—thus proving that our boasts of superior naval architecture is well founded. The trial was in beating to windward.

Punctuality.—It is stated that the amount of revenue which has been paid in Boston since the formation of the United States Constitution, falls but little

ATKINSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

Saturday, Jan. 10, 1835.

DISABLED FIREMEN.

An association for the relief of disabled firemen, their widows and orphans, has lately been established in this city, which promises to be extensively useful to a laborious and deserving class of our citizens. The specific objects are to provide comfortably for those who may be disabled by accident, or a long course of arduous service, and in case of the e death, for those who thereby lose their chief support. It is also contemplated to extend aid to those persons not firemen, who may be injured by fire apparatus.

It is gratifying to know that this association has been organized by firemen themselves. The terms of membership are, for annual members one dollar per annum; to secure a life membership ten dollars. The business of the institution will be conducted by a Board of Trustees, to be elected annually. This Board will take measures to secure and invest a fund, the interest arising from which will be appropriated for charitable purposes.

The labours of firemen are a duous and severe. Their services of personal care and comfort, can scarcely be appreciated by those who have never been in a fire. They are ready, at night and day, in heat or cold, at the cry of danger, and incur many risks and dangers, with alacrity, in their desire to be of service to their fellow citizens. Many are injured in the service—many are rendered unable to labour, as usual, for the support of their families, and to such it is the design of the association just formed, to extend relief. We trust the institution will prove eminently successful, in a pecuniary sense, as it cannot fail to prove eminently useful in its works of benevolence.

We are requested to state, that a meeting of the members of this association will be held on Monday evening, at the *Firemen's Hall*, for the purpose of electing a Board of Trustees.

The fourth anniversary of the Philadelphia Typographical Society, was celebrated by the members and others, on Saturday evening last. After the election for officers, the company, including some old veterans in the art of printing, sat down to a supper prepared in the Adelphi rooms, South Fifth street. About seventy persons were present. On the removal of the cloth, the regular toasts, characterized by the usual reference to technicalities, were introduced, and read to the society with evident satisfaction. Odes and songs followed, and all participating in the festivities, appeared to enjoy much gratification from the proceedings. The company separated at an early hour, much better pleased with the convivial enjoyments than they were with the repast, which was much less liberal and sumptuous than they had been inducted to expect. In the course of the evening, the following Address, written for the occasion, was delivered by Mr. Thos. Hogan, a member of the society:

Once more we hail the the New Year's happy birth,
That brings the banquet and its social mirth:
Once more for us the annual feast is spread,
Tellus unbended that a year has fled;
But, 'midst our festive joy, should we but cast
One thought upon the history of the past,
Or rauld we read Mahyon's mystic page,
Or trace the records of each former age,
No more would joy, but grief our bosoms swell,
For scenes on which we'd memory dreads to dwell.

Year follows year, prophetic as it flies,
Heralds of warnings, unto the next, and dies.
The past for us, its lessons have here,
And each succeeding era its lessons give.
Thus empires rose, and in their glory spurn'd,
The wisdom which the past with death had earn'd.
They gain'd the pinnacle of human fame,
And fell bewilder'd, victims to their fame.

See with what pride and splendour Egypt glow'd,
The sages home, and Wisdom's own abode:
She gave the arts and sciences their birth,
And fostered, stood, preceptress of the earth:
While wondering nations listen'd and obey'd,
And reverend homage to her wisdom paid.
But scarce the dazzling summit had she reach'd,
She perish'd 'neath the plagued chains she rear'd:
And scourge of gloom pervades Egypt's brow,
Her sages bright splendour all is faded now;
And low she lies, stripped of her gorgeous pride,
To future times a warning and a guide.

To Printers.—The editors of the Mississippian, published in Jackson, Miss., announce that on the third Monday in Jan., 1835, they will give employment to ten or fifteen good compositors, and two journeymen, to work on public work. Terms, fifty dollars per month, and boarded.

Illinois.—The Hon. John M. Robinson, at present a Senator in Congress from the State of Illinois, has been re-elected for six years from the 3d of March next when his present term will expire.

Ohio.—A convention of members of the Legislature and others, was held at Columbus, on the 30th ult., at which the Hon. Judge McLean was nominated as a candidate for the Presidency. The Senate of Ohio has voted 17 to 16, for the execution of criminals in private. A proposition in the same body, to abolish the punishment of death, was negatived by a vote of 24 to 9.

Alabama.—The resolutions introduced into the House of Representatives, requesting Mr. Moore to resign his seat in the United States Senate, have been passed, after a long debate, by a vote of *fifty-seven to twenty-six*. In the Senate, they passed by a vote of 19 to 9. Mr. Moore was opposed to the measures of President Jackson in relation to the Bank.

Maryland.—The Governor and Council of Maryland, have ordered a special Court to be held at Annapolis, on the 7th inst., for the trial of persons concerned in the murder of *John Watson* and *Wm. Mercer* on the Railroad. The annual message of Gov. Thomas to the Legislature, was delivered a few days since. It is a brief document, limited to the business of the state. The subject of public schools for all the children in the commonwealth, is renewed, and strongly enforced.

Mr. Thomas has lately been re-elected Governor.

Incendiary Hat.—While the owner of a segar-factory on Monday night was washing up heads, he observed a lighted candle placed by one of the workmen, carried off by a Rat, who dived into a hole. On darkening the premises the light was discovered through the crevice of the board, and on raising the floor the candle was found burning near some shavings, and in a few minutes more the whole building would have been on fire. Great caution should be used not to leave candles lighted where Rats can get them off.—*N. Y. Star.*

WAR WITH FRANCE.

The probability of a war with France is now a general topic of conversation in this city. It is a subject of exciting interest, and naturally is viewed in different lights by different people. The act of reprisals recommended by the President—universally considered as equivalent to a declaration of war—a approved by the larger portion of the administration presses, and by several leading opposition journals. On the other hand it is opposed with much warmth, by the great mass of the anti-Jackson party.

It has been alleged by some political writers that the leading principle in the administrations of Jefferson and Madison, was—hostility to England and friendship for France, and that while France, from the years 1803 to 1810, gave to the United States ten times more provocation for war than Great Britain, it was the policy of our government, to conciliate the former, and deal harshly with the latter. In relation to the truth of this one ter, it is not our purpose now to enquire, the circumstance is ing cited only to show that a war with France would be sustained at this time, by many of the politicians who opposed the late war with England.

But it is evident, that among the people at large there is a strong feeling of friendship for France. The material aid which that country afforded us in our struggle for freedom, the sacrifices of many of her gallant sons in our behalf, the names of the lamented La Fayette, are deeply engraven on the hearts of Americans, and can never be erased. American citizens must therefore feel that the wrongs of France are of a very weighty character indeed, before they will consent to make that gallant nation their enemy, and engage with them in deadly strife.

The points at issue between the governments must be well understood by all who gave their attention to the President's annual message, as published in this paper. Whatever may have been the original cause of dispute, by subsequent negociation it has been reduced down to a question of dollars and cents, and to that question we are bound by our treaty to forget all anterior proceedings. For the injustice which France committed in seizing our vessels under the Berlin and Milan decrees, our government agreed to receive as an equivalent, a sum of money. This sum has not been paid as was promised, and if there be war, it will be waged, not because France seized American vessels and American property, but because France refuses to pay us an acknowledged debt of twenty-five millions of francs.

The tone of the President's message, in relation to France, has been censured. The annexed paragraphs are from the Washington Globe.

"It is the constitutional duty of the President to lay before Congress a summary of the state of our foreign relations. In so doing, it is his duty to speak the truth, still the truth cannot be conveyed but in adequate language. It was therefore contrary to his duty, as it was incompatible with his frank and manly character, to mince the matter, and while himself despairing of obtaining justice, juggle the nation with delusive hopes. In de aling the evil, it was equally his duty to point out to the Representatives of the People such a course as he believed might be most effectual in redressing the wrong, for by this means, he would be able in a short time to ascertain the pulse of the nation which he represents—whether it throbbed responsive to honor, or whether it was palsied by apathetic ness or indifference."

"Neither France nor the King of the French has a right to call this a menace; nor have the opponents of the Administration the least ground to infer that the constitutional recommendations of the President are evidence of an unfriendly feeling on the part of this country. Did the United States, when France lay at the feet of the Allied Powers in Europe, and when every nation, however insignificant, was bringing in its bills against her, for apolitions on land and on water, did the United States then appear among those numerous creditors, demanding of her weakness what they despaired of ever getting from her strength? No. They waited until France had paid every other indemnity, rid herself of her foreign armies of occupation, and was settled apparently in peace, under her ancient dynasty, before they put forth their claims. Was that unfriendly, or did it look like insult? Did it look like insult to wait patiently for twenty-five years? And does it look like an unfriendly threat to say, now that the last act of this almost interminable drama is a final refusal of justice, accompanied by a manifest breach of national faith—does it look like enmity to propose redress? If such be really the result of a mere statement of wrongs, accompanied by a recommendation of the means of redress, it will become the President in future to send his messages in secret to Congress, and have them read with closed doors. By this mode the nation will became marvellously enlightened as to the state of public affairs, by being kept in total ignorance of the coming storm until they are roused by the crash of the thunderbolt. The nation had a right to know, the public creditors emphatically had a right to know, the state of our relations with France, and the President has informed them. If the King of the French makes this the ground for a final refusal of Justice, it will only prove that he was determined beforehand, and only wanted a pretext for his breach of faith."

The views of this writer may not, however, be the views of the French Chamber of Deputies, when they receive the message, and unless there is an extraordinary exercise of forbearance, they will no doubt refuse the appropriation—in which case war seems almost inevitable. The commencement of hostilities will naturally occasion a general derangement of our commercial operations, but it is for those whom the people have elected to make their laws, to decide whether this disadvantage will be compensated for in the event of a successful appeal to arms—and who ther peace and prosperity are to be weighed in a balance with what is supposed the honor of our nation.

Since the above was in type Mr. Clay has made a report on the subject to the Senate. A synopsis of his views will be found in another column.

The silly and disgraceful exhibition, called a domestic drama, under the title of "Sarah Maria Cornell, or the Fall River Murder," has been brought out at Baltimore. Theatricals must be at a low ebb in that city, if such pieces are tolerated.

The firemen of New York will give their Sixth Annual Ball, at the *Park Theatre*, on Monday evening, 26th inst. The price of tickets is five dollars. The profits of the ball are to be appropriated to the fund for the relief of the widows and orphans of firemen.

THEATRICAL.

Chestnut Street Theatre.—Miss Phillips, a distinguished a egic actress, has been the principal attraction at this house, during the past week. She has appeared as Jane Shore, Mariana, Julia, and other characters, in all which she has fully sustained the high reputation she acquired during her previous engagement. Her talents as an actress, are unquestionably of a high order, and her personal appearance is decidedly interesting.

A new musical drama, called Gustavus 3d, or the Masked Ball, was produced on Wednesday evening. The last scene of this piece surpasses in splendour any spectacle that has ever been produced in this city. It proved very successful in New York and Boston.

Miss Emma Wheatly, a young lady who made a very favorable impression in New York, is engaged and will shortly appear. Mr. Knowles is also announced for a few nights.

Walnut Street Theatre.—Mr. A. A. Addams made his first appearance on Monday evening, in the arduous character of Hamlet. The high reputation which he has acquired in the West, during an absence of three years, was on this occasion fully sustained. He has a fine, manly appearance; and looked, as well as played, the character of the philosophic Dane to admiration. His voice is deep, rich and flexible, and capable of giving effect to the most difficult passages. His readings are chaste and classical; his deportment easy and natural. Where but little energy is required he was dignified and impressive—and in more impassioned scenes, he was grand, lofty and inspired, without any of that excessive [illegible] which too generally distinguishes the acting of the present day. It would be needless to particularize any scene in which our young tragedian excelled, when the whole performance was so truly excellent. He was, throughout, loudly applauded, and it was, perhaps, no small evidence of his merits, to hear some of the oldest play-goers speak of his personation in the highest terms of commendation. When the curtain fell, he was loudly called for at length he made his appearance, and in a neat and pertinent address, thanked the audience for the cordial reception they had given him, and hoped, by close attention to his professional studies, to render himself worthy of their approbation.

Mr. Addams has since appeared in other characters of the highest range, and proved equally successful. His will, we have no doubt, soon become a favorite with our play-goers, and he well deserves their approbation. During his engagement we would suggest the propriety of producing the tragedy of Conrad of Naples, by R. T. Conrad, Esq. of this city. The leading character in this play, is, in our apprehension, exceedingly well adapted to Mr. Addams's histrionic powers, and the drama is one that cannot fail, when well performed, to excite an absorbing interest.

A variety of novelties have been produced at this house lately. In fourteen successive nights, no less than eleven new pieces have been produced, evincing an extraordinary degree of industry upon the part of the managers.

Correspondence of the Saturday Evening Post.

Washington, Jan. 7, 1835.

Dear Sir—On the last day of the last year, both Houses of Congress were in the Hall of the House of Representatives, for the purpose of hearing an Oration from Mr. President Adams, on the Life and character of Gen. Lafayette. The Heads and Vice Presidents of the United States, the heads of departments, and a portion of the Foreign Diplomatic corps, were introduced, and provided with seats. The delivery of the Oration occupied about three hours, during all which time the most respectful attention was paid to the learned Orator. I was not present myself to hear it, being elsewhere engaged, but several with whom I have conversed on the subject, speak of it in high terms. A journal of this place remarks—

"To say that the Oration was of great ability, it is enough to know who was the author. To attempt any analysis of it would be vague and unsatisfactory besides, for the Oration will doubtless be published under the direction of Congress, eagerly sought after, and universally and delightedly read.

The circumstances of the ceremony were of a nature calculated to affect any mind of ordinary sensibility. There was a moral beauty in the whole scene, seldom equalled in public exhibitions; under the influence of which, it may be hoped, a pure and elevated patriotic feeling pervaded the whole assembly. Who, indeed, could have listened to the eloquent records of the accomplished Orator, pouring forth the gushings of a grateful heart in memory of the benefactor of his country, and of mankind?—Who, that large in mind the station which the Orator had filled, and the presence of illustrious men in which the mark of respect was paid to the memory of Lafayette, but felt the inspiration of the occasion, rejoiced in it, and responded, from the inmost recesses of his heart, to the strains uttered in honor and gratitude to the deceased, as well as to the pious aspirations of the Orator for the future welfare and prosperity of his beloved country!—None, none; we hope not one.

On the day following, new year's day, there was a general devotion to the festivities of the season. Congress was not in session. The President, between the hours of 12 and 2, opened his doors for the reception of his friends, and large numbers availed themselves of the opportunity to pay him their respects. Ex-President Adams was also called upon at his lodgings, by many gentleman. Several private parties in the evening engaged the attention of most of our fashionable ladies and gentlemen.

In the Senate on Friday, the Vice President submitted a communication from the Treasury Department, relative to the subordinate officers that may be dispensed with in the Custom House. Mr. Poindexter offered a resolution in relation to the Public Lands, which was ordered to be printed. A joint resolution from the House of Representatives, presenting the thanks of Congress to Mr. J. Q. Adams, for his Oration upon the life and character of Lafayette, and requesting a copy for publication, was concurred in. The bill to exempt merchandize imported under certain circumstances from the operation of the Tariff Law of 1828, was engrossed for a third reading, 19 to 20.—The bill making an appropriation for the improvement of the river Wabash was considered. The question being on the engrossment for a third reading, it was decided in the affirmative—yeas 22, nays 18. The Senate then adjourned to Monday.

In the House, Mr. Polk reported a bill making appropriations for the Naval service for the year 1835, which was read twice and referred to a Committee of the Whole. Mr. Gamble submitted the following resolution:

Resolved, That the Secretary of the Treasury be directed to communicate to this House, whether, in his opinion, it is practicable or convenient for the Department to collect, and safely disburse, the public moneys of the United States, without the agency of a Bank, or Banks, and, if so, to report to this House the best mode, in his opinion, by which that object can be accomplished.

In the House of Representatives, on Saturday, Mr. Gamble's resolution was taken up for consideration, and after some discussion, laid on the table, by a vote of 106 to 87.

Mr. Chilton submitted the following resolution:

Resolved, That the Committee on Roads and Canals be instructed to inquire into the subject, and report their opinion to this House, of the most equal and just mode of applying the revenues of the country to such works of public improvement within the respective States of the Union, as may be necessary for the facilitating of commerce with foreign nations, and among the several States. And that they moreover report their opinion of the best and most practicable mode of ascertaining and determining the nationality and ultimate benefit of such improvements as may be proposed within the said several States.

The House then proceeded to the orders of the day, the first being the bill for the relief of Mrs. Sarah Decatur. After some debate this bill was on motion, laid on the table, equivalent to a rejection.

On Monday, in the Senate, Mr. Calhoun, offered the following resolution.

Resolved, That a select Committee be appointed to inquire into the extent of Executive patronage, the circumstances which have contributed to its increase, and into the expediency and practicability of reducing the same, and the means of such reduction; and that they have leave to report by bill or otherwise.

The following resolution was offered in the House, by Mr. Gamble.

Resolved, That the Secretary of the Treasury be directed to digest and prepare and communicate to this House, a detailed plan by which the public revenue of the United States may be collected, safely kept, and disbursed, without the agency of a Bank or Banks, or Nuisance.

The bill relating to the pay of officers of the navy, being under discussion, a motion was made by Mr. Allen of Va, to refer the same to the committee on naval affairs, which motion was not decided when the House adjourned.

Mr. Clay, in the Senate, on Tuesday, from the Committee on Foreign Relations, to which had been referred that portion of the President's Message relating to France, made a long and able report on that subject. In reading it, he occupied the floor about one hour and a half. A synopsis of this report, 20,000 extra copies of which were ordered to be printed, cannot fail to prove interesting to your readers.

The Report sets out with expressing the entire concurrence of opinion of the Committee with the President, as to the justice of the claims for the payment of which the treaty between the United States and France makes provision. They had their origin in flagrant violations of the laws of nations, and of our neutral rights, for which the pretence alleged at the time afforded no justification. At the period of those aggressions, the government of the United States would have been fully justified, had it then appealed to arms to vindicate our outraged rights; and it was a fact known to those who were conversant with the history of the times, that the expediency of such a measure had been seriously considered in the councils of the United States. The selection between the two belligerents, by which another nation became the enemy at that time, arose not from any insensibility to the injuries received from France, but from considerations of a different nature. Restrained by prudential considerations from making war upon France, the United States had yet resolved never to acquiesce in the wrong and injustice done to them, but to persevere in the demand of indemnity until it should be obtained. As early as 1812, one of our most distinguished citizens, appointed Minister to France, was instructed to demand reparation for wrongs; and the demand had been persisted in by every administration, from that day down to the conclusion of the treaty of 1831.

The report then goes on to say, that of these claims the amount had not previously to the treaty been fully ascertained, and could not be exactly known until they were finally adjudicated; but the committee concur entirely with the President in the opinion that the amount awarded by the treaty, by way of indemnity, falls far short of the just claims of our citizens, including damages. The treaty had nevertheless been received in this country with general satisfaction, for several reasons; but, more than all, for the reason, that the people of the United States saw in it the removal of the only obstacle to perfect harmony between this country and a nation, the remembrance of whose ancient friendship was always dear to them. It has not been for a moment supposed that a treaty between the two countries, being on the face of it a perfect obligation, would be violated by the failure of either party to perform the stipulations on its part, &c.; and so little did Congress app ehend such a state of things, that they passed several acts founded upon the treaty, one of which was to provide for the investment of the money to be received under the treaty in some productive fund, for the benefit of the claimants, until the adjudication of the claims should be completed. In consequence of this last provision, when the first instalment became due, a draft was drawn for the amount, the protest of which was the first notice of the non-execution of the treaty. To the manner in which the draft was drawn, perhaps on the score of formality or etiquette, some exception might be taken; but the Committee are unanimous in opinion that the mode adopted, of drawing for the money, was fully justified by the terms of the treaty. It is with profound regret, says the report, that the Committee have learnt the failure of the reasonable expectations of the Executive and of the country, as to the execution of the treaty.

The report goes on to say, as the President in his message justly remarks, that the idea of acquiescence in the refusal to execute the treaty, can never be for a moment entertained. The United States can never abandon their rights under it. When negotiation for procuring the execution of the treaty shall be exhausted, it will then be for the United States to consider what other measures are necessary to procure their rights to be respected. In the opinion of the President, that period has already arrived, and he has recommended to Congress to authorize reprisals in the event of a failure of France promptly to make payment, &c. The President, however, does not present the course of reprisals as the only one open to Congress, but by the admission of the alternative of waiting further time for the action of the French Chambers, leaves to the choice of Congress the two courses of further negociation, or of immediate measure which, in its consequence, may possibly lead to war. As to the latter course, it is the habit, inclination and interest of this people are opposed to war, when not unavoidable, with what odds does not all these objections apply to a war with an hereditary foe, towards whom the people of the United States entertain the hostile sentiments? Foreigners of the sentiment themselves, the Committee have studied their inquiry first into the practicability and expediency of the peaceful alternative presented by the message.

The report here proceeds to a critical analysis of the correspondence between our Ministers and the French Ministry, which regarded the formation of the Treaty, showing, by various questions from it, that, throughout the negotiation, the King of France evinced the most friendly feelings towards the U. S. and took an unusual interest in the subject of the negotiation between the two countries. Our Minister had been reminded, over and over again, of the difficulties which the Ministers would have to encounter from the Chambers in consequence of the Treaty, &c. To the history of the negotiation the Committee did not feel set to justify the omission of the French Government to carry into effect the Treaty; the difficulty now experienced in the French Chambers being so similar between them and their own Government, and not between them and our Government. But the Committee had resorted to this correspondence, because, after the warnings which were given of the difficulties which would have to be encountered, a fair construction ought to be put upon the course of the King and his Ministers in this manner. If the King has throughout acted with good faith, and is still laboring to effect the passage of a bill in the Chambers to carry into effect the Treaty, it would be not only unjust, as respects the French Government, but impolitic, and unwise, as respects the claimants themselves; to throw obstacles in the way of the success of the King's exertions, by the adoption of rash or hasty measures, even coinciding, which ought convert some of the warm friends in the Chambers into bitter enemies of the claims.

The report then proceeds to the consideration of what has transpired since the ratification of the Treaty; carefully reviewing and analyzing the correspondence which has since passed between the Ministers of the two countries, &c. The Committee express the great pleasure they have in concurring with the President of the United States and Mr. Livingston in entire confidence in the good faith of the King, &c. as professed in several of the letters from our Secretary of State and our Minister in France; and they consider it due to candor to declare that they have seen no reason since to doubt the sincerity or perfect integrity of the King in this matter.

The refusal of one branch of a Government, it is true (says the report) to execute a Treaty may be regarded as the refusal of the whole Government; but when the head of the Government evinces the earnestness which has been shown in this case by the political head of the French Government, such a conclusion ought not to be hastily drawn. Upon the whole, the Committee are of opinion that the time has not yet arrived when Congress is called upon to go into the consideration of the very serious question, whether they will enter into any measure for the purpose of taking into their own hands redress for wrongs by France. The Committee are of opinion that Congress ought to avoid any resort to war, or to measures which may lead to it, and rather wait to see the result of the exertions which the French King is undoubtedly making to carry the Treaty into full effect.

After the consideration of this report, which appeared to be received with much satisfaction by the senate, Mr. Calhoun's resolution in relation to executive patronage, was taken up and adopted. The following persons were appointed the committee, viz.—Messrs. Calhoun, Southard, Bibb, Webster, Benton, and King of Georgia.

Mr. Kent introduced a joint resolution for amending the constitution of the United States with regard to the election of President and Vice President.

In the Senate, on Wednesday, the bill for the improvement of the Wabash, was passed—23 to 17. The bill in relation to the northern boundary line of Ohio, was also passed. The special order—Mr. Webster's bill in relation to French spoliations was further considered, and postponed until the next day, in order to afford Mr. Wright an opportunity of making a speech upon the subject. The Senate then proceeded to the consideration of executive business, and adjourned.

In the House, Mr. Brown submitted a resolution calling for information in relation to the present rates of pay of the officers of the Navy. A resolution was proposed making an inquiry into the propriety of establishing a territorial government in the District of Columbia. Mr. Hamer offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That the Committee on the Judiciary be instructed to inquire into the expediency of amending the constitution of the United States, so as to limit the service of the Judges of the Supreme and Inferior Courts, to a term of years.

The question being put, "will the House consider the resolution?" It was determined in the negative—Yeas 85: Nays 91.

The Navy Bill was further considered—several speeches were made, but before the matter was finally determined, the House adjourned.

New York and Philadelphia.—These two rival cities, rivals we trust, in maintaining good will to each other, have become so nearly approximated by the facilities of intercourse, that a journey between the two, costs no more trouble or time, than a journey of thirty miles formerly did. There is, however, wanted to complete the substantial conveniences of the two, a continuous line of rail roads, so as to obviate the necessity of water transportation in winter, and it is greatly to be regretted, that the local conflicts between two chartered companies in New Jersey stand in the way of it. There is now a rail road from Philadelphia to Morrisville on the Delaware, opposite to Trenton, in full operation, extending near thirty miles. Between New York and New Brunswick, there is another, which will be completed at an early day, having only the space between Trenton and New Brunswick, a distance of about twenty six miles, unprovided for. Upon this piece of twenty six miles, there, and has been for many years, a turnpike road, and the company that owns it would be very willing to convert it into a rail road, but its right to do so is disputed by the Camden and Amboy Rail Road Company, under an Act of the Legislature of New Jersey, passed in 1832, which for a valuable consideration, stipulated that during the continuance of its charter, no other rail road for the conveyance of passengers or merchandize, between New York and Philadelphia, should be authorized in New Jersey. Against this assumption, the Turnpike Company set up the prior right to make a road, and affirm the existence in their charter of a right to make any sort of a road, which right the Legislature of 1832, had no power to impair. The public who are not interested in either road, take sides with one or other party, but all admit that these conflicting claims are injurious to the country at large. They say, that there ought to be a rail road between Trenton and New Brunswick, but the Camden and Amboy Company say, that they have expended a large capital on the faith of their exclusive right, and that to authorize another rail road would be an act of gross injustice to them.

In this position the matter now stands. Each of the parties has obtained legal opinions of high repute to sustain its own particular views. Chancellor Kent and Mr. Webster assert the right of the Trenton and New Brunswick turnpike company to construct a rail road along their route, provided that the turnpike is also kept up for those who do not wish to travel on the rail road, and they maintain that the Legislature, in granting an exclusive right to the Camden and Amboy company, had overstepped its constitutional powers. On the other hand lawyers of great eminence, amongst whom are Samuel L. Southard, George Wood, David B. Ogden, and Ogden Hoffman, Esquires, assert that the Legislature had a right to enter into the stipulations objected to, and that they are not responsible during the continuance of the charter of the Camden and Amboy company.

The question would naturally occur, why do not the Camden and Amboy company buy out the Trenton and New Brunswick turnpike road, and then construct a rail road upon it? The answer is plain. They would in such case be the owners of only 26 miles of that route, whereas they now own the whole of the other route. With such eminent counsel holding such various opinions on this delicate subject, the Legislature will be puzzled how to act, but we hope that rather than violate any pledge it has given to the Camden and Amboy company, it will purchase from them at their full value, any rights or privileges which may have been granted, under any certain view of the rights of the turnpike company. By such a course the demands of justice would be satisfied, whilst the public interest would be promoted.

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

Kept at the Northern Liberties News Rooms, 3d above Callowhill

	At 7 A.M.	9 A.M.	12 A.M.	3 P.M.	6 P.M.	10 P.M.
Jan.	25	26	33	37		
2	22	35	36	37		
3	16	19	23	18		
4	1	4	13	11		
5	1 below	2	20½	16½	13½	13
6	19	20½	24	19	15	9½
7	3	8	15	15	11½	8
8	zero	8	11½	16	14	9

ANDREW McMAKIN, Proprietor.

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.

On Tuesday, 30th of last month, a distressing accident happened to a young man, 3 miles below Morrisville, on the Trenton & Philadelphia Railroad, whilst engaged in removing the snow off the rails before one of the wheels of a locomotive, which was attached to, and impelled by the locomotive engine. The car was thrown by a drift of snow off the rails, and turned partly round, when the man, in jumping off, had his leg instantly caught and mashed a few inches above the knee, by the pressure of the car against it and the snow. He was conveyed to his mother's (Mrs. Kinney's) residence, in Morrisville, where the leg was properly and skilfully amputated above the knee joint, by Dr. M'Kelway, assisted by Drs. Rhodes and Polwell. He appears, since, to be doing very well, considering the pain and agony he suffered by being conveyed home, together with the great shock his system sustained by the injury and amputation.

DIVIDENDS FOR THE LAST SIX MONTHS.

	$ per cent.
American Insurance Company,	3½
Bank United States,	3
Pennsylvania Life Insurance Co.	3
Lehigh Coal Co.	3½
Union Insurance Co.	5
S. Permont Bridge,	4
Bank North America,	3
Delaware and Raritan Canal & Camden and Amboy Rail road Co.	3
Confederal Bank, (N. J.)	3
Atlantic Insurance Co.	3
Marine Insurance Co.	3
Fire Insurance Co. of Philada.	3
Philada. Savings Institution,	3½
Trenton Banking Co. $1 20 on each share.	

The Levee of the day at the President's levee on New Year's commencement, was one Wyandot Indian, painted and dressed in the full costume of their nation, with tall white feathers in their caps; they trod over the rich carpets with a stately grace, embodying the wild bearing of the forest scene with the pleasant carriage of self possession, as they viewed their ever-towering figures in the mirroring of the East room.—*N. Y. Star.*

The 74th Sabine de Grasse, came off from Havre in such a hurry, that she forgot with her the French pilot.

RECEIPTS BY MAIL.

Jan. 2.—Received from		*Received from*	
Wm. Stewart, Hag.	$10 00	Rob't. B. Jones, Esq.	5 00
Samuel Dobbin,	5 00	Orrs. Nichols, Esq.	2 00
James Eakett, Jr.	2 00	Francis Walker, Esq.	2 00
James Pagan,	5 00	J. Bennett, Esq.	2 00
Geo. Wine,	2 00	L. P. Foster, Esq.	2 00
Albert Beardsley,	2 00	John B. Avery, Esq.	2 00
A. W. B. Woodhull,	2 00	Rufus B. Pickett,	5 00
L. Gez, Esq. N. H.	5 00	*Jan. 6.*	
M. Townsend, Esq.	5 00	Israel Miller,	5 00
H. S. Beaker, Esq.	3 00	Edwin Rice,	2 00
Jan. 3.		Stephen B. Yalberley,	2 00
Lewis Wilson,	2 00	Machell Kenh, Esq.	5 00
J. S. Conover, [nett]	1 80	Freeman Stanson, Esq.	1 00
Cook & Weaver,	2 00	Joseph Efield, Esq.	4 00
James Lauman,	2 00	Joseph Bailey, Esq.	4 00
Wm. H. Crossman,	5 00	Ed. Ruffin, Esq.	5 00
Je. E. Root,	1 00	G. G. White, Esq.	5 00
Czar Kosler, Esq.	2 50	Jos. Herbert, Esq.	5 00
Corn's. Stewart, Esq.	4 00	Hector Adams, Esq.	2 00
Jan. 5.		*Jan. 7.*	
C. H. Backett,	5 00	Fran. H. Woodbridge,	3 00
Hugh M'Clelland,	2 00	Emanuel Sampson,	5 00
Horace Davenport,	4 00	Adam Peters,	10 00
Wm. Stewart,	10 00	D. S. Jones [nett]	7 50
Sam'l. Jenkins,	2 00	J. J. Monaghan,	13 00
T. L. Sayen,	5 00	Gen. A. Tanny,	2 00
J. E. Keeler, [nett]	4 50	J. J. Davis, Esq.	2 00
Isaac H. Smith,	2 00	Jos. S. Dodd, Esq.	2 00
Thos. Garner,	5 00	Jno. P. Chester, Esq.	7 00
H. B. M'Kay,	5 00	N. J. Palmer, Esq.	5 00
H. J. Betts, Esq.	8 00	C. H. Dexter, Esq.	2 00
Casper Thiel, Esq.	2 00	J. W. Allen'am, Esq.	10 00
Richd. M'Vure, Esq.	2 00	William Allen,	2 00
Sam'l. Dickson, Esq.	5 00	C. Ratell, Esq.	10 00
N. Fain, Esq.	2 50	J. Wiley, Esq.	5 00
John P. Chester, Esq.	2 50	*Jan. 8.*	
T. S. Stoutenburgh, esq.	6 00	Rich'd. L. Su phin,	3 00
T. A. Stoutenburgh, esq.	6 00	John Stolz,	4 00
P. Gaylord, Esq.	6 00	Abel Stevens,	2 00
N. Wolf, Esq.	5 00	Thos. Crandol,	5 00
R. K. Foster, Esq.	2 00	A. P. Farnum, Esq.	25 00
Chas. Williams, Esq.	5 00	J. Martin, Esq.	3 00
Preston King, Esq.	5 00	Lewis W. Sands, Esq.	5 00
J. M. Hadden, Esq.	10 00	Enoch Wilson, Esq.	2 00
M. Trulien, Esq.	5 00		

It will be seen by reference to our advertising columns, that a concert of sacred music will be given in the Universalist Church, Callowhill street, on Wednesday evening next.

The society worshipping there, we learn, have been at considerable expense, recently, in making various improvements in and about their church, and as the proceeds of this concert is intended to defray a part of that expense, those of our readers that are so disposed, can contribute a trifle to the fund, and the concert no doubt will afford them a rich musical gratification.

Communication.

Philadelphia, Dec. 23, 1834.

Dear Sir:—Being on the eve of my departure for the Southward, time will only permit me to observe, that having gone through a course of Book-keeping on your system, which I accomplished in one day and a half, satisfactorily, and which I do not hesitate to pronounce my conviction of its superiority over many that I have seen; and also your improved rate closings, I conceive to be plain and concise. These few hasty observations I make to you, that any one you may think proper to make of them, may be done, and with my best wishes for your success in having your system meet with the general approbation of the mercantile community.

I remain, sir, very respectfully, yours,

C. D. YOUNG.

To Mr. R. Megonegal.

Communication.

AMERICAN THEATRE, WALNUT STREET.

This house has been generally well filled during the present week. On Monday, night there was a crowded house to witness Mr. Addams's performances of Hamlet, and it is no small degree of praise to say he was completely successful. There is not a better performator of the character in the country, with the exception of Booth. On Wednesday night he appeared in Virginius, and fully sustained the high reputation he had won in Hamlet. There was an array of beauty and fashion on this occasion, such as we have not before seen at this house. We feel proud of this gentleman's success. He is a native American, and not yet twenty-four years of age. The people will have a favourite, and in Forrest's absence, Mr. Addams seems destined to become the *national tragedian*. The popular manager, Mr. Wemyss, has thus far been completely successful; and we have no doubt as long as his house is conducted on liberal and national principles, he will be sustained. P.

Communication.

THE WEATHER,

Since Saturday, the 3d inst. has been severely cold. Sunday morning the 4th, the mercury in Farenheit's Thermometer, was *two* below zero. On Monday morning, *four* below. On Tuesday morning *ten* above. On Wednesday morning at only *two* above, and severely cold through each day.

Thursday morning, at six o'clock, the mercury stood at *one* below °, and at 9 o'clock only *three* above. Friday, Jan. 9, at 6 o'clock in the morning, the mercury stood at 2° above °, and at 10 o'clock, 10° above.

From the Philadelphia Gazette of Monday.

The Weather.—The severity of the weather, within the last three days, has never been exceeded at any time in this city, within our recollection, although there may have been a single colder day.

Saturday the 3d inst. was a severe day, but there was not ice enough in the Delaware to stop the navigation, and the steamboats departed in the morning as usual. Towards evening it became colder, and at 11 at night, the thermometer, under a piazza exposed to the south, in a central part of the city, had fallen to 13. The Delaware, opposite the city, was frozen over during the night.

On Sunday morning, at 20 minutes before 8, which was about a quarter of an hour after sunrise, the same thermometer was at 4. At 10 A. M. it rose to 13, and at half past 1 P. M. it stood at 32, the freezing point.

At 5 o'clock it had fallen to	12
At 7 " it was at	12
At 9 " at	11
At 10 " at	10

And this morning at 20 minutes before 8 o'clock, it was down to 3 degrees above zero. The navigation will now probably be closed until the month of February.

At the Exchange, with a Northern exposure, the thermometer was

At 7 A. M. on Sunday, at	3
At 7 A. M. this day, (Monday)	2

The ice on the Delaware is strong enough to bear horses and sledges.

Since writing the foregoing, a friend who resides in Chesnut, beyond Thirteenth streets, has stopped into our office, and given us the following statement of the thermometer at his house with a Northern exposure.

Sunday—6 A. M.	2 degrees below zero.
9 "	zero.
1 P. M.	10 above zero.
Monday—6 A. M.	4 below zero.
9 "	zero.

From the New York Journal of Commerce.

The Weather.—Since morning the weather has grown colder; thermometer stands at 18 below zero. The ice in our harbor is becoming quite troublesome, —though there is no actual interruption to the ingress and egress of vessels.

The dealers in fuel are beginning to take the hint, and are raising their prices. Oak wood, which yesterday was 2 dollars a load, is now 3

Variety's the spice of Life,
That gives it all its flavour.

LINES BY A WARD IN CHANCERY.

It is very hard, and so is it,
To be obliged to be,
For all the best days of one's life
A ward in Chancery.

To be dry-nursed by great law lords,
Old Begs, or Brougham so famous;
And when one wants a man, to be
Put off with a man-damus.

The land of liberty, indeed!
I'm sure its verse than vice;
It that's what they Burn's justice call,
Why burn such justice, I say.

They'll make it hanging next, I think,
For one in love to be;
And running off with a young man,
A sort of felony.

There's ev'ry girl got beaus but me—
Miss Smith, Miss Snape, Miss Scott—
Nay, so could I have beaus enow,
But I had rather *knot*.

There's many and many a nice young man
Would come a courting me;
But where's the use?—one cannot court
The Court of Chancery.

One cannot move a great law lord
By any art, attack!
All Cupid's arrows harmless fall
Against the great wool-sack.

'Tis really quite ridiculous,
And I think, *infra dig*,
For a great lord to play the part
Of cupid in a wig.

If we must have a chancellor,
Let's have one of our sex;
Miss Martineau might be the first
Of these "preventive checks!"

Oh, gentlemen of the long robe,
Pray give me now my pelf!
I want to have some gentleman
Of the long robe myself!

"Was'nt that well done," said a waterman on the Susquehanna as his raft struck one of the piers of the Harrisburg Bridge, "there's five on 'em and I only hit one."

PRECIOUS WITS.—I asked two little village boys, one seven, the other eight years old, what they meant to be when they were men. Says one, "I shall be the doctor of the village." And you, what shall you be? said I to the other "Oh! if brother's doctor, I'll be Cure. He shall kill the people, and I'll bury them —so we shall have the whole village between us."—*Balwer's France.*

A physician attending a Lady several times had received a couple of guineas each visit; at last, when he was taking his departure for the last time, she gave him but one, at which he was surprised, and looking on the floor, as if in search of something, she asked him what he looked for? "I believe, Madam," said he, "I have dropped a guinea;" "No, Sir," replied the Lady, "It is *I* that have dropped it."

SIGN OF A DUTCH MIDWIFE.—At a small village called Bergen ad Zoom, is the following musical sign: It is a tree bearing fruit, and the branches filled with little naked urchins, seemingly just ripened into life and crying for succor; beneath a woman holds up her apron, looking wishfully at the children, as if entreating them to jump into her lap. It belongs to the house of a woman midwife, and has this inscription: "Vang my, ik zal zoot zyn." In English, "Catch me, I'll be a sweet boy."

Cicero tells of a Sicilian whose friend was disconsolate for the loss of his wife. The poor woman had hanged herself from a fig-tree in the garden. "My dear fellow," said the Sicilian, "you will oblige me *lot* ever if you can spare me a few suckers from that tree." Were such husbands living in these Christian times and countries, what a competition there would be amongst them to possess this "quite convenient" stream in the parish of Killamoon!

ANECDOTE OF ADDISON.—During the illness of Queen Anne, and preparatory to King George the First's accession, a regency of Lords was constituted, and Addison was the secretary, and by the nature of his office, was required to send notice to Hanover that the Queen was dead, and that the throne was vacant. To do this would not have been difficult for any man but Addison, who was so overwhelmed with the greatness of the event, and so distracted by choice of expression, that the lords, who could not wait for the niceties of criticism, called Mr. Southwell, a clerk in the house, and ordered him to despatch the message. Southwell readily told what was necessary, in the common style of business, and valued himself upon having done what was too hard for Addison.

PARALLEL OF THE SEXES.—Man is strong—Woman is beautiful. Man is daring and confident—Woman is diffident and unassuming. Man is great in action—Woman in suffering. Man shines abroad—Woman at home. Man talks to convince—Woman to persuade and please. Man has a rugged heart—Woman a soft and tender one. Man prevents misery—Woman relieves it. Man has science—Woman taste. Man has judgment—Woman sensibility. Man is a being of justice—Woman of mercy.—*My Daughter's Book.*

THE LITTLE EUROPEAN.—The New Zealanders allege that the Flea, which, it seems, is not an indigenous inhabitant of their island, but a sort of free emigrant intruder, was introduced by the English, and they consequently designate it *e pe hake nani maki*—*the little European.*

In the reign of Richard the Second, the trains of the ladies' gowns were so long that a tract was written by some divine, entitled "Contra Caudas Dominarum," (Against the Tails of the Ladies.)

LORD BROUGHAM AN IRISHMAN.—"Oh!" said Mrs. Higgins, to Mr. Simpkins, as they sat at tea together in the Statue-street, Bloomsbury-square—none of your *nasty free-trade stuff*, but a Company's old true bohea —"Oh!" said she, "I do believe, Mr. Simpkins, that Lord Brougham is not a Scott, but a Pat!" "A Pat, Mrs. Higgins? Oh, how can that be?" said Mr. Simpkins. "How? Oh, Sir, I'd show you how. Why, when his Lordship was Mr. Brougham he used to go on foot to the Courts and to the House; now he goes in his coach: still he is Brougham and *Vaike* (Vaux); whereas, were he not an Irishman, he would be Brougham and *Rides*, Mr. Simpkins?"

MARKET FOR WIVES IN HUNGARY.—Formerly the Russian colonists who inhabited that part of Hungary called Zemplin, made three pilgrimages in the course of each year to the monastery of Krasnobrod. The men took their places at one side, while on the other were ranged the young women and widows. The former had their hair flowing loose and crowned with leaves, the others wearing bands on their foreheads. Then each Russian who wished to marry was at liberty to choose either a girl or a widow, and, without even so much as consulting her, to take her before one of the monks, who on the instant was obliged to pronounce the nuptial vow between them. The poor women of this country were too long subject to resignation on this point to make the slightest opposition to this species of wedlock. When more than one lover presented themselves they fought for the envied woman, who watched the issue of the combat to give herself up as the victor's prize, and follow him to his dwelling. If after a while he got tired of his wife, he took her at the next pilgrimage to Krasnobrod, and gave her a fair chance of getting another husband. It was not until 1750 that the barbarous custom was extinguished by a severe edict.

"SATISFACTION" FROM EDITORS.—When the John Bull newspaper first started, many gentleman felt offended with the freedom of its remarks. A gallant Colonel, a near relation of an illustrious house, taking amiss some innocent freedom of the editor, determined to curb his wit by a smart application of the horsewhip. Well, the Colonel, full of martial fury, walked himself off to the John Bull office, in Fleet street, burning with revenge, grasping in his right hand the riding-master's whip of the regiment. Intimating his wish to see the editor, he was politely shown into a room, and informed that the editor would wait upon him immediately. Like a chafed lion, he walked up and down the room during the interval, flourishing his weapon of vengeance; when the door opened, and in marched an individual of the Brobdignag species, clad in a thick white fuzzy great coat, his chin buried in a red cotton handkerchief, with a broad oil-skin hat upon his head, and a most suspicious-looking oak-stick under his arm. "What might you want with me, Sir?" asked this engaging-looking individual. "I wished to see the editor." "I am the editor, Sir, at your service," said the Brobdignag, taking from its rear his stick of about the thickness and size of a clothes-prop. "Indeed!" ejaculated the Colonel, edging away towards the door; "oh! another time." "Whenever you please, Sir;" and the parties separated.

Observance of the Sabbath.—A petition from the great body of bargemen employed in canal navigation, has been sent round to all their masters, praying for a suspension of labour on the Sabbath. It has been generally well received by the proprietors, and on the Mersey and Irwell navigation has completely succeeded. A cessation of business on the Sabbath is secured to the men without injury to the facilities and interests of trade, and which is the ardour and gratitude of the men, that by extra exertions they redeem the time granted to them by working up to the latest minute on Saturday nights, and starting at the earliest hour on Monday morning. The bargemen of the Irwell and Mersey navigation have presented to Mr. Edward Albertus Langard, of Old Quay, Manchester, who was very instrumental in forwarding their suit, a beautiful silver teapot and coffeepot, with a silver sugar basin and cream jug to match, bearing the following inscription:—"Presented to Mr. E. A. Langard, of Old Quay, Manchester, by the flatmen in the service of the proprietors of the Mersey and Irwell navigation, as a memorial of their esteem and gratitude for his success and earnest endeavors to promote their spiritual and temporal welfare, 1834."

The following beautiful Lines are from the pen of Mrs SHACKLEY.

WINTER.

"I deem thee not unlovely—though thou com'st
With a stern visage. To the timorous hare—
The tender fawn yet—the reposing quietude,
Thy discipline is harsh. But unto man,
Methinks thou hast a kindlier ministry—
And thou, whose heart is full of fire-side joys,
And deathless linking of warm heart to heart,
So that the coarse stream passes by unheed,
Earth, arch'd in white, a peaceful sabbath holds,
And keepeth silence at her Maker's feet.
She ceaseth from the harrowing of the plough,
And from the harvest shouting. Man should rest.

Thus from his fevered pursuits—and exhale
The unbreathed carbon of his festering thought,
And drink in holy health. As the tossed bark
Doth seek the shelter of some quiet bay
To trim its shattered cordage, and repair
Its riven sails—so should the toil-worn mind
Refit for time's rough voyage. Also, perchance,
Sweet is by the world's sharp commerce, or wasted
By the wild wayferings of its summer way,
Turns like a truant scholar towards his home,
And yields his nature to sweeter influences
That purify and save.

"The ruddy boy
Comes with his shouting school-mates from their sport,
On the smooth frozen lake, as the first sad
Hangs pur'ring cold its silver tresses forth;
And throwing off his skates, with boisterous glee,
Hastes to his mother's side. Her tender hand
Doth shake the snow-flakes from his glossy curls,
And draw his nearer and, with gentle voice,
Asks of his lessons—while her kind heart
Swells at their fine, and blesses
To bless the kid.

"The timid infant learns
Better to love its father—longer sits
Upon his knee, and with a velvet lip
Prints on his brow such language, as the tongue
Hath never spoken.

". . . come thou to life's feast,
With dove-eyed meekness and bland charity—
And thou shalt find even winter's rugged toilet
Thy minstrel teacher of the well tuned soul;
And when the last drop of its cup is drained,
Arising with a song of praise, go up
To the eternal banquet."

THE SPOUSE AND HIS LEG.—There are people who form little local attachments about their own persons, and fall in love with an eye, a nose, a cheek, a chin, or a finger nail. One of the first vocalists on the British stage is known absolutely to dote on the construction of his leg. He thinks, that since legs were made, nature never constructed such a pair as he is the possessor of, and he accordingly takes every opportunity of obtruding them upon the observation of the audience. The earnestness with which he details their circumference in various parts, to his friends and acquaintance, and the complacency with which he regards them when only covered with thin black stockings, would be a fine subject for any clergyman who wished to preach a sermon on the vanity of this world. Unfortunately the costume of the English opera but seldom affords an opportunity for the display of the pedestals on which the musical hero's body is erected, and those of Mr. ——— were too often doomed to be secluded in long wide trousers, from the admiration of the public. But the Fates were not always adverse, and times would occur when thin black stockings were not at variance with the stage regulations. Alexander the Great was a proud and happy man when he crossed the Granicus, but not so proud and happy as this vocalist, when he at last obtained an opportunity of submitting his unexceptionable pair of legs to the public view. He would run upon the stage and pour forth his excited feelings as long, and there were few who could entrance an audience like him—they would hang with breathless attention upon every accent, and he never failed to make his exit amid the most deafening applause. This he was far from attributing altogether to his vocal powers. "Ah!" he would say, as he reached the side wing, at the same time displaying the objects of his admiration with affectionate familiarity—"Ah! it is some time since they have seen such a leg as that!"—*Grayon Sketches.*

Happiness of the Chinese.—That the Chinese physically have a great deal of buoyancy of animal spirits, and theoretically a good deal of sceptical stoicism, is true; but that in families they are incapable of painful feelings from domestic tyranny; or, as citizens, are insensible to oppression, is not true. Let the many suicides in private and public life which take place bear witness to the above assertion. What would John Bull think of being sentenced to be pilloried for two or three months, beaten with a hundred cudgel blows and transported three years, for killing an ox or daring to eat it? But for slaughtering oxen at Peking there are just now some 20 or 30 butchers so punished; most of them too were Mahommedans, whose religion will not allow to eat pork, and whose pagan masters will not allow to eat beef. About twenty pages of the *Peking Gazette* of the 26th day of the 10th moon of the 13th year of his Imperial Majesty—"reason's glory"—are filled with the memorial of the criminal board to the Emperor concerning the trial, confession, and punishment, of the guilty wretches who killed beef. And moreover, some of the cattle were sick, and others are the knife was applied had died a natural death. The prosecution commenced on account of the offenders being slow to pay some fees for connivance. Seven thousand catties of beef were seized by Government; horns, hoof, skins, carts and all. Some of the criminals made their escape for the time, but his Majesty insisted on their being caught. Government was ashamed to sell the beef, and therefore gave it away to the poor; but the hides, &c. were turned into money and confiscated. Happy Chinese! However, the tyranny exercised over literature and religion, and all that would expand the intellect of man, and afford him the consolations of divine philosophy, is, perhaps, a greater bar to his happiness than absurd municipal laws.—*Canton Register.*

French love and English love.—Love, that cordial heart-in-heart kind of love which our English poets have sometimes so beautifully depicted, is not to be found in France. In every step of a French amour you are overpowered by words—you are adored, doosed; but in all the graceful positions into which gallantry throws itself, as amidst all the phrases it pours forth, there wants that quiet and simple air, that deep and tender and touching and thrilling tone which tell you beyond denial that the heart your own yearns to us really and truly yours. The love which you find in France is the love made for society, not for solitude; it is that love which beats the dazzling saloon, the stained bond ur; it is that love which sizes with intrigue, with action, with politics, and affairs; it is that love which pleases and never absorbs; which builds no fairy palace of its own, but which scatters over the trodden paths of life more flowers than a severer people find there. With this love the history of France is full.—*So completely is it national, that the most gallant reigns of have never failed to be the most popular.* The name of Henry IV. is hardly more historical than that of the fair Gabrielle; nor has it ever been stated in dissertation the respect still paid to this wise and beloved King, that his paramour accompanied him in the Council, kissed him publicly before his Court, and publicly received his caresses. No: the French saw nothing in that but what was *tout Francais*; and the only point which they consider of importance is, that the belle Gabrielle was really belle. On this point, considering their Monarch's mistress as their own, they are inexorable, and nothing tended so much to depopularise Louis XVI. as his matrimonial intrigue with the ugly old widow of Scarron.—*Hulser's France.*

Memoir of General Mina.—"Francisco Espoz y Mina," said the Spaniard, "was born in 1781, in a small village near Pamplona, and, in spite of all that has been urged to the contrary, is the son of a poor labourer or little farmer. Of the infancy and education of this extraordinary man nothing certain is known. He was cultivating in peace the little field left him by his father, when the ambition of Napoleon drew him from his obscurity. The nephew, who first took up arms for national independence, acquired world celebrity, and afterwards fell into the hands of the French. His uncle rallied and put himself at the head of his band, and by his daring bravery, the rapidity of his marches, his intimate knowledge of the country, and, above all, his rigour towards his prisoners, he became the terror of the French. At one time he commanded a force of 5000 men. He was appointed Colonel in 1811, and raised to the rank of Brigadier in 1813 by the Regency, in which rank he was confirmed by Ferdinand on his restoration, and decorated with several military honours; but, a few months after, disgusted with his tyrannical master, he raised the standard of revolt in Navarre, and, making an unsuccessful attempt to seize Pamplona, then took refuge in France, and on his arrival in Paris was arrested at the instigation of the Spanish Minister, Louis XVIII. immediately ordered him to be liberated and dismissed the Commissary of Police, who had arrested him. Mina was not ungrateful for the conduct; on the return of Napoleon, in 1815, he refused a command and fled to Ghent, and with Gen. Alava was, if I am not mistaken, present at the battle of Waterloo. Until he entered France in 1830, to rally round the banner of the Constitution, he received the half pay of a French General de Brigade. During the Constitutional regime he was appointed Captain-General of Navarre, and afterwards of Catalonia; while in the latter Government his operations were distinguished by great cruelty; he stormed and carried the town of Canale Follet, put the garrison to the sword, and razed the town, marking the place where it stood by a stone with this inscription: "Here once stood Canel Follet!" Some time afterwards he surrendered to Marshal Moncey, and embarked for England, where he resided until 1830. The glorious three days once more drew him from his retreat; for you must know that the recognition of the King of the Barricades being somewhat tardy on the part of Ferdinand, he was threatened by his nephew with a second edition of that glorious event; a confidential agent was dispatched to London, to induce Mina to effect a rising in Navarre; promises of money and covert support were made to the General, who lost no time in repairing to France; but before he reached the frontier the recognition of the Spanish Government had arrived. This quite altered the state of affairs; the astonishing the Spanish Liberals on the frontier was now prevented by the French authorities; and to Mina it was intimated, that if he persisted in his enterprise, the French police would proceed aux vues de soit, and transport him across France to the northern frontier in irons. Burning with indignation, disgusted and betrayed, he General returned to England; so great is his hatred of the present King of the Prench, that the mere report of an intervention of his in our affairs would throw him into the arms of Carlism In the meantime, Mina is now on his way to assume the command of the Queen's forces. Whether he will effect more than his predecessors time will show."—*The Monthly Mag. for Nov.*

QUITE CONVENIENT.—"A young woman, named Catherine M'Carre, in the parish of Killamona, left her house on Sunday night last, and drowned herself in a shallow stream quite convenient."—*Clare Journal.*

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

By Joseph Hopkinson, L. L. D.

"The American parent does an injustice to his child, which he never can repair, for which no inheritance can compensate, who refuses to give him a full education, because he is not intended for a learned profession—whatever he may intend, he can not know to what his son may come, and if there should be no change in this respect, will a liberal education be lost upon him, because he is not a lawyer, a doctor or a divine?—Nothing can be more untrue or pernicious than this opinion. It is impossible to imagine a citizen of this commonwealth to be in any situation in which the discipline and acquirements of a collegiate education, however various and extended, will not have their value. They will give him consideration and usefulness, which will be seen and felt in his daily intercourse of business or pleasure, they will give him weight and worth as a member of society, and be a never failing source of honorable, virtuous and lasting employment, under all circumstances in every station of life. They will preserve him from the delusion of dangerous errors, and the seductive vices. The gambling table will not be resorted to, to hasten the slow and listless step of time, when the library offers a surer and more attractive resource. The bottle will not be applied to, to stir the languid spirit to action and delight, when the magic of the poet is at hand to rouse the imagination, and pour its fascinating wonders on the soul. Such gifts, such acquirements, will make their possessor a true friend, a more cherished companion, a more valuable and respected person."

AN INDIAN BEAUTY.

From "Sketches of the Pawnees," by a correspondent of the New York American.

The rest of the party then commenced their march in Indian file across the river, keeping in a line with the tall Indian, who led the way across the land. Most of the party followed the guide; but the horses of some of us grew restive, and mixing the herd, we drifted a short distance down the stream. Here we reached a small island, and scrambling upon its bank, we galloped across to the opposite side. Here we found the young wife of the Ietan, Chief of the Otoe Indians, standing in the edge of the water. She was about twenty, tall and finely formed, and her face, next to that of the wife of the Knisay Indian, who was the most beautiful of any of the Indian females we have ever met with. Her hair was parted across her forehead, and hung down upon her shoulders; a small jacket of blue cloth was fastened around her shoulders and breast, and a mantel of the same was wrapped around her body. They had been presented to her by the Commissioners, but a few days before. She was standing on a small sand bar, and the water was gurgling around her feet; a short distance in front of her the deep channel was rushing with a powerful current. She looked at the water and then at her dress with an expression of almost childish sorrow. To swim the river would ruin them; the Indians had all reached the opposite bank, and was waiting for the rest to come up, so that there was no assistance to be expected from them.

Just then the hunters dashed by her into the deep channel: they did not even notice her; they were used to such sights. I was the last of the party, and she knew it; for though we could not speak the same language, there was an imploring expression in her large dark eye as she fixed it upon me, that told every thing. Still I hesitated: I thought of pushing on; there was a powerful struggle between selfishness and a desire to assist her; she saw it, and speaking a few words in her own silvery tongue, she at the same time pointed to her new dress.

There was something so sorrowful in the tone and gesture, that I could not resist it. I took my rifle in my left hand, and reaching out my right, she seized it; she placed her foot upon mine, and with a sudden bound she was upon the back of my horse, stooping behind me with her arms around my neck. The horse on which we were mounted was so long accustomed to have his own way in every thing, that he grew very indignant at this new imposition, no doubt looking upon it as an infringement upon his prerogative—but a heavy plunge of the spur subdued his wrath, and he bounded forward into the rushing river. He was a powerful beast, and rose to the water like a sea fowl; the water rushed and roared around us with an almost dizzling velocity, and we could feel the strong nervous quivering of his limbs, as he bore up against its violent impetus. But occasionally, as he went snorting along, he cast back spiteful glances at his riders; I expected mischief, and it came to pass. We felt his hoofs touch the bottom—three leaps—he was up the bank—his heels flew in the air—the arms of the squaw were jerked violently from my neck, and I saw her form describing a summerset through the air; she landed upon her feet and received no injury. The Indians raised a shout of laughter, and the relieved horse now being satisfied commenced his journey towards the Republican village.

A REPARTEE.—Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, when a bill was brought into the house of Lords, said among other things that he prophesied last winter this bill would be attempted in the present session, and he was sorry to find that he had proved a true prophet. My Lord Cowings by who spoke in a passion, desired the house to observe,—"that one of the Right Reverends had set himself forth as a prophet; but for his part he did not know what prophet to liken him to, unless to that famous *Balaam*, who was reproved by his own ass." The bishop in reply with great wit and calmness, exposed this rude attack, concluding thus;—"Since the noble Lord hath discovered in our manners such a similitude, I am well content to be compared to the prophet Balaam; but my Lords I am at a loss how to make out the other part of the parallel; I am sure that I have been reproved by no body but his Lordship."

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

LETTERS ABOUT BOSTON.

Ancient Men and Things.

DEAR GEORGE;

You ur. e me to give you an account of the ancient men and things in this city. This is asking a hard question, because I am acquainted with very few of the old men here. I shall be able, however, to mention a few ancient *things*.

The only ancient man that I am acquainted with is Mr. Jacob Kuhn. He is over 70 years of age, and has been Messenger or Sergeant at Arms to the Legislature of this state, nearly 49 years. He is a very kind and affable old gentlemen, and you would delight to converse with him. Harrison G. Otis, Esq. is another aged gentleman of this city who has been much distinguished in public life.

It is almost 60 years since British troops occupied Boston, and yet you have only to go to the "common" to find the remains of a fortification which they threw up. On the north side of the common, a little west of the State House, stands the ancient mansion of that distinguished friend of liberty, John Hancock. It is a plain, yet neat stone building, venerable for its years, but still more so from its having been the residence of one whose name is so dear to every American.

At the north end of Tremont Street is an ancient wooden building with a small turret, now occupied as a dwelling, but formerly as an inn. Here it is said that General Washington stopped when he first entered Boston, early in the revolutionary war.

There is one building in the northern part of the city which was built before the great fire in 1676. Of course it has stood 158 years. It was at one time the residence of the *Mathers*. There is another ancient building, now occupied as a feather store which was built in 1680.

The sign of the Blue Ball, at the corner of Union and Hanover Streets still marks a house which claims the honour of having been the place where Franklin was born; though the same honour is also claimed by a house in Milk or Franklin Street.

In the same neighborhood with the ancient feather store which I have mentioned, are one or two more very ancient buildings. One of these was once a favorite resort of Franklin, who was a relative of the family that resided there.

There are also several other ancient buildings in the city. In Prince Street is a window, the sight of which is worth a mile's walk. It is only 18 inches by 12, with nine panes of glass, in leaden sashes.

Between the State House and Somerset Street are some remains of the hill once universally known by the name of Beacon Hill. This eminence was 138½ feet above the level of the sea; or about 30 higher than the floor of the State House. It was ascended by flights of steps. On its top, where in old times the beacon stood, there was a monument to commemorate the princip l events of the revolution. It was 60 feet high.

I might tell you about the burial grounds, and the tombs of the Franklins and the Mathers, and of many other highly distinguished families of Boston. I might speak of the statue of Washington, in the State House, and of many other curious things. But I have said enough for one letter. You will hear from me again shortly.

Yours, &c.

HEALTH OF CHILDREN.

Rising early, is a habit of high importance to fix in children; and in forming it, there is far greater facility than in other cases. There is a natural propensity in children generally, to early rising, which needs only to be gratified and encouraged. They usually retire to bed some hours before their parents; and at daylight, or at least at sunrise, are generally awake, and anxious to rise. Many of them are actually bred up with difficulty, to the habits of taking morning naps! which, when once formed, generally prevail through life. Let the father deny himself so far as to rise early, and become an early riser also. His health, enjoyments, and usefulness, he may depend upon it, will be perceptibly benefitted. Long lived persons have been found, after an extensive enquiry, to resemble each other only in this important practice. And this may be connected with another preventive of disease—active employment. The morning is the season for activity; the frame is invigorated by repose, is prepared for exertion, and motion gives pleasure. The pure atmosphere, so much more bracing then at other hours, so much sweeter and more exhilarating than the air of a confined chamber, has been pronounced to be both direct and like all nature's medicines, it is superior to any which science can produce. Early rising and early exercise, might more properly be called food than medicine, as they are designed for daily use, and to protect us from disease rather than to remove it. Every thing except mere sloth, invites us, nay, requires of us, to treat up our children to use them. The morning is the most favorable season for exercising the frame, as well as for making useful impressions in the mind and heart, of important facts, moral principle, or religious feelings; and whoever tries to conduct the education of his child independently of this practice, will lose some of the most favorable opportunities. [Dwight's Father's Book.

RURAL ECONOMIST.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.—One of the principal sources of waste in private families, is the improvidence of servants. Where the master of the house does not personally look after the affairs of her kitchen, or employ a faithful housekeeper to perform that service, the destruction which takes place in many cases, is beyond what could easily be imagined. Pieces of bread, meat and vegetables are thrown into the slop bucket, or into the street, or conveyed away clandestinely by the back door, to aliens, and other objects not worthy of charity, to a very great amount, whilst the most unlimited indulgence is given to excess in eating. In regard too to fires, servants never concern themselves about the propriety of saving fuel, but pile on wood in the kitchen where wood is used, without stint, whether it be wanted or not, and especially at night, in order that they may not be obliged next day to make a fire with a small quantity of coals, which is all that is required. The value of the back logs left to moulder away in kitchens, without producing a particle of heat but what goes up the chimney and is lost, would alone amount to a large sum in our community, and if to this be added the waste of candles, oil and soap, the breakage of china, glass and crockery, knives and forks, and other articles of furniture, from sheer carelessness and disregard of the interests of the master, it will be seen that the tax imposed by the bad administration of a kitchen, is a very heavy one.

Amongst the advantages which the European citizen enjoy over ours, is the economy of the kitchen, a one which arose from the custom established in some places, but which has not yet been introduced amongst us, of hiring servants upon what are called *board wages*. Under such a contract the servants engage to provide their own food, and in consideration of that, receive a higher rate of wages. In such case, no part of the provisions supplied for the parlour table goes into the kitchen, but if any is left, it is placed in the pantry or larder for future use. The servants being thus their own purveyors, have a direct and immediate motive for economy. All that they can save, is their own, and they are thus placed on a footing in the community, with all other classes of labourers, who get the benefit of their own stratagems even from luxurious and extravagant food. As the matter stands with us, there is no discrimination made by employers, in settling the wages of servants, whether they eat little or much, or are fond of plain or dainty fare, and consequently the one who would be willing to live simply and make a stir, loses the advantage which he would enjoy in any other employment, and which it is no much the interest of his employer as of himself, that he should enjoy.

It is high time that a chance should be given to American servants of prudent and economical habits, to accumulate a little property, and we know of no better mode than to allow them an opportunity of economizing their board, for a specific sum of money. By such a process, the employers as well as themselves will be gainers, and as somebody must make a beginning, we recommend the subject to the consideration of the Society established for the encouragement of faithful domestics.

SAVE YOUR WOOD.

"A farmer" says, "a very considerable saving may be realized by using the saw instead of the axe in preparing wood for the fire, although very few country people are aware of the fact, having never tried the experiment. A saw suitable for this costs no more than an axe, is as easily kept in order, and with careful usage will last as many years. A man can saw as much, and probably more wood in the same time than he can cut with an axe. Scarcely any litter is made, the wood may all be cut of an exact length, and on the whole the annual saving to every house-holder, by using the saw instead of an axe, would in the course of several years amount to something of considerable consequence.

SPADE HUSBANDRY.

We have no expectation of ever seeing spade husbandry adopted in our country, on anything like an extensive scale. The price of manual labor forbids it. Yet we cannot refrain from noticing an interesting article upon this subject in the Sept. No. of the Edinburgh Quarterly Journal of Agriculture. A premium of £100 was given to Mr. Archibald Scott, "for the best plan of furnishing employment for the surplus laborers of England." Mr. Scott's plan consists in trenching with a spade the ground intended for his grain crops, and thus substituting manual labor for cattle power in cultivating his fields.—The plan is not merely theoretical, but has been reduced to extensive practice, and found to be highly profitable. Mr. Scott pays his labourers 1s. 6d. per day, equal to about 33 cents, they boarding themselves. At this price of labor, the trenching costs him £4 10 (about $20) per Scotch acre. The soil is 15 inches, the top of which is thrown to the bottom, and the whole well pulverized. The first experiment was made in 1831, upon 13 acres of summer fallow. The profit, per acre, upon the trenched ground, was £3 18 9, while that upon adjoining land, ploughed as usual, was only 9s. 6d. It is to be observed that the ploughings were repeated six times, which must unnecessarily have swelled the expense. In 1832, Mr. Scott trenched 44 acres with like success. His account of expense and profit stands thus:

By average of 44 bushels per acre, at 7s.		£15 8 0
To rent of land per acre,	£2 10 0	
Expense of trenching,	4 0 0	
Seed,	1 1 0	
Cutting, thresh & marketing,	1 10 0	
Profit,	9 7 0	
	£15 8 0	£15 8 0

Thus leaving a nett profit, per acre, of about £8. In 1833, Mr. Scott trenched about 100 acres; and such was the apparent advantage of the method, that his example was being extensively followed in East Lothian. The Scotch contains about a quarter more than the English acre, or about 200 rods; and to trench this, it requires, it seems, 60 days' labor.

The effect of trenching is to clean the ground, and to induce increased fertility, by to ning the subsoil to surface under, and effecting a complete pulverization. In gardens and other old cultivated grounds, trenching is sometimes resorted to even with us, and its advantages are found to repay the labor. The data furnished by Mr. Scott's experiments are worth preserving.—*Cult.*

SWINE.

He that attempts to fatten his hogs in winter unless their pen can be kept comfortably warm without extra expense of fuel, will be a loser. But if warm winter habitations with dry and cleanly lodgings can be afforded to the animals they will fatten as well, and with as little food in winter as in summer. This may be in a good measure effected by the construction and location of their pens. Their styes may be on the south side of an acclivity, and defended on the west, north and east by banks or walls of earth against the cold winds of winter, with some contrivance like a swinging door, which will close of itself, to prevent the access of cold at the entrance. In that case they will thrive on but a part of the food, which would be necessary, in an exposed situation, to enable them to support a sorry existence in opposition to the incessant assaults of the pitiless elements. In front of their pens may be a well inclosed yard, which will answer as a receptacle for weeds, fallen leaves, brakes, &c. the raw materials of their swineships' manure manufactory. Swine, as well as cattle intended for the shambles, well and warmly lodged in winter are half fed, but if not made comfortable in that respect are scarcely worth feeding; and attempting to fatten them is like laboring to fill sieves or broken cisterns with water. With store animals the case may be different. If growing stock which is wished to keep on hand a year or two or longer, are too warmly housed, they are liable to suffer in cases of accidental or inevitable exposure, much more than those which have never been accustomed to such indulgence.

With regard to food for fattening swine, I was remarked by the Rev. Mr. Elliot, "I know of nothing that will fatten hogs faster than a dough of meal and water. But as this is expensive food, the dough may be minced with boiled potatoes, or boiled carrots. They eat these mixtures as well as the dough by itself; and it appears to make no material difference in their fattening. In the mixture, barley meal will answer instead of Indian; which should be attended to in our more northern parts, where two bushels of barley may be as easily raised as one of Indian corn. Both kinds of meal I have found to be a good mixture with boiled potatoes; but I should by all means be a little salted to give it a good relish."

The following mixture for fattening swine has been recommended, and we have no doubt will answer a valuable purpose: Wash potatoes clean, boil and mash while hot—mix in at the same time oat-meal and pea-meal. Put the mixture into a large tub, which must stand till it becomes sour but not putrid. Keep a quantity of this on hand, always fermenting and give it to your hogs as often as they will eat.—*New Eng. Far.*

Ever bearing Raspberry.—This fruit is very little known to horticulturists out of the State, and we suspect even those within our borders know scarce more. The only plants in this neighborhood are in the garden of Nicholas Longsworth, Esq. to whom we are indebted for the following description of the plant;

"In the latter part of October, 1832, I met, in a garden in Warren county, (among the Shakers,) with raspberry plants in full bearing, and on inquiry, learned they were a native fruit of the state, found near L. Erie.

"The fruit resembles the common native black raspberry, but is larger and finer. I introduced a few roots into my garden and find them constant bearers from June until destroyed by frost. The fruit is produced in large clusters; the wood continuing to grow through the season, and the ends of the new shoots throwing out fresh blossoms. It is more decidedly a constant bearer than any kind of fruit I have seen. Our monthly strawberries are abundant bearers in June, but for the balance of the season their produce is so small as to be scarcely worth the trouble of gathering. The raspberry is a constant and abundant bearer except for two months in the summer, when, if the weather be very hot and dry, the produce is less."—*Cin. Chron.*

Known in some parts of the country as the thimbleberry. The resemblance is in the shape and color, the consistency is between that of the Antwerp and thimbleberry; nearly that of the strawberry.

Hoven in Cattle.—A correspondent says that he has never known the following prescription to fail of giving immediate relief to cattle afflicted with this disorder:

To a pint of water, add half a gill of Angus Ammons, or spirits of hartshorn. With this let the creature be gargled, and the cure will be effected.

Good Horses.—Perhaps no subject of as great importance, is as much neglected, as that of improving our breed of horses. True, we have a fine stock about us, collected into one land taken in Lincoln. Many is the farmer who owns what he supposes rather to be different horse, which if properly broken would bring him two or three hundred dollars, as quick as one cent will bring another. This section of the country, New Hampshire in particular, has never been very famous for its horses. But we are digressing. We only intended, when we commenced, saying simply, that these are and have been exceptions. We have one in our eye, and shall give a word or two in relation to it, under the head of

Fast Trotting.—We learn from Keene, that a beautiful chestnut filly, the property of Mr. Stillman French, of that place, recently trotted the distance of 12 miles in 32 minutes; and with so much ease, that within a few miles she went to gallop. It was thought that she would have gone much quicker, had she been pressed at all but it seemed only her natural gait; and yet at one mile in 3 minutes 30 seconds, and following it. We hope the discovery of such powers among us, will have a tendency to make our farmers ascertain the metal of their horses, before they throw them away upon jockeys. But let them be careful that they take the right way to ascertain, so that they do not injure them.

Mangel Wurtzel.—Mr. William K. Townsend, in a letter to the editor of the New York Farmer, has the following remarks on this valuable root.

"I am every season more and more convinced of the value of the [the Mangel Wurtzel,] crop to farmers like myself, that winter a considerably large stock. This is my fourth season of cultivating them, and I mean in future to increase the quantity threefold. I took off my crop last fall in season to seed down the field with rye and grass. The crop of rye was excellent, and the grass is now equal to that in the same field, sowed after a crop of early potatoes. I do not believe they exhaust land more than any other root crop; if the land is well prepared, and the seed sown at the proper time, two good hoeings are sufficient. I have this season gathered the under leaves for my hogs, and they will eat them as soon as any thing that I give them. I do not think the crop is injured by taking them off. As my early beets did not come to perfection, we used the mangel wurtzel, taking out the smallest, when two grew together, as their stead; and if well cooked and prepared for the table, we think them as good as beets. I mean to raise them to feed out after my turnips are gone in the spring; my milch cows do well on them, as well as other cattle, and I want no better feed for my breeding ewes and store pigs along early in the spring before they get a good bite of grass."

For Sale.

ONE or more new two story Brick Houses, well finished and pleasantly situated in Pine street, between Fifth and Sixth streets, Northern Liberties. Apply to the subscriber, residing on the premises, or to No. 41 North Third street, above Vine. JOHN C. DAVIS.

Fire Proof Doors.

FOR sale, a pair of strong fire proof doors, in good condition. Will be sold low. Apply at the office of the Saturday Evening Post. No. 20 Carter's Alley. sep 14—

African Cayenne.

A SMALL invoice of African Cayenne just received and for sale by HARLAN & HOLLINGSWORTH, sep 7—tf Chemists and wholesale druggists, 18 N. Second st.

Patent Straw Cutters.

THE Subscriber is now prepared to receive orders for Mr. Lord's highly approved Patent Straw Cutters, of which most approved references can be given.

THOMAS SHIPLEY, Ironmonger, No. 37 Market street.

N. B. Patent Rights for Kentucky, New Jersey and Delaware States, or any Counties, may be had on moderate terms. sep 28—tf

To the Ladies.

CHEAPEST and most fashionable Furs in the city. No. 160 North Second street, a door above the Union Canal, and 29 Chestnut street, below Countess Hall.

DAVID LEVICK, Manufacturer and Importer of Furs, respectfully informs the ladies, that he has commenced one of his season's own consignment, he has opened another of the same, No. 29 Chestnut street, where he will sell at the same low prices. Ladies are invited to call and see, before they purchase elsewhere, his extensive stock of Boas, Victorines, Capes and Muffs and purchasing from the manufactory as he does, he can warrant to selection his Furs to Ladies himself. dec 8—3m

Books and Stationary.

URIAH HUNT has removed his whole stock and retail book store to No. 141 Market street, between Second and Third streets, south side,